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AT

THE RECTORY.

London, 1825.

CHIT-CHAT.

PART I.

THE CHAISE BRINGS A FRIEND.

KATE dwelt with her Aunt in a lone cot, in one of the most sweet dells of Wales.—Cliffs rose in rude grace round their home, and the sea, with its smooth beach, was to be seen in front,—a wild wood stood on one side, and a heath spread out not far off; on the edge of which a church, with its grey spire, and a few rude huts were seen; a cot here and there was to be found in the wood, by the side of a rough path.

The Aunt of Kate was not rich, but she had a kind heart; and when she heard of the death of a dear friend, she sent for the child of that friend, and gave her a home in her lone cot. How glad was Kate, when she saw the chaise that brought poor Blanche. It drove to the door in a cloud of dust, and the noise of its wheels brought out Kate and her Aunt, and their maid, to the gate.

The Aunt held the poor child to her heart, and gave her a fond kiss. Kate caught her in her arms, and, with smiles, told her how glad she was to see her. Blanche shed tears of joy and love, and the three friends were soon gay and dear each to each.

The next day, Kate led Blanche through the lane and fields, down to the beach. The sea was bright with the sun, and the smooth sand shone as glass. They found shells, and

weeds, and bits of red, blue, and green stones, that in their eyes were rich gems. The gull, a sea-bird, with its large white wings, was seen to fly as if on the waves, and the tide as it rose on the beach, brought to the feet of the girls, amid the light foam, some fine plants just torn from the rocks hid in the waters.

These plants were not like the plants that grow on the earth, for they were made to thrive in the salt sea, and were strong and firm, though the sprays of some were as fine as threads, and the leaves of some as tough as skin. The friends took home a large hoard of all they could find.

THE GIRLS AT HOME.

The Aunt was at her desk when they went home, and she told them how to dry the weeds, and clean the shells; she told them how to fix the weeds to boards with gum, and thus to make a kind of group of trees and shrubs. She taught them how to bore holes in the shells, and then form them to neat shapes to deck the room, and to join them in the form of a box to hold pins, and such small things. Then she bade them write down the names of those she knew, and thus, when in the house, they were gay with what they had found in their walks. So when they went out, they took care to use their eyes: for each bud and blade of grass might hide something that

would pay their search ; a small worm, or a snail in its snug shell, or a grub in its folds : with the help of a glass, these small things would look so large that each part could be seen—The legs and all their joints and hairs, the small bright eyes, the trunk drawn up in a coil, or spread out at full length ; what to the eye was dust on a moth's wing, through the glass, was found to be fine plumes, and the clear gauze of the fly's wing was quite a treat to look on ; so thin, so light, so rich.

In a bud, they found a small white worm ; an egg had been laid there by some kind of fly, and from this egg, the worm came out. It had fed on the heart of the bud, for the fly knew what food its young would like, and laid the egg where this food could be found. Strange that so small a thing should know so well what was best to be done ! The girls would

think as well as talk of what they saw; hence their minds, in time, were full of thoughts, which could serve to please them when they were at home, and sat at work and did not talk. To think is one of our best joys, so we must hoard up, as fast as we can, good and wise and gay thoughts.

TEARS OF JOY.

At noon as they sat at their plain meal, for in Wales they do not keep such late hours as we do in town, the three would talk of all they had seen, or heard, or felt. They did not care much what they ate—they thought more of their hearts and minds. Kate one day sat down with red eyes, and grave looks; her

Aunt saw her state, and was in grief for her.

"Dear Aunt, do not be sad for me," said Kate, "my tears were not tears of grief: as I stood at our gate, I saw a poor lamb in pain; it was in the ditch, and could not get out, so I ran to help it, and took it out and saw it run in the field, so gay! Old dame Madge saw all this, it was her lamb, and she was full of thanks, 'and Miss,' says she, 'what shall I do to please you?' Now you know, Aunt, dame Madge is quite rich, and old Grace quite poor, so I said, 'Madge, if you would please me, pray give that fine jug of new milk, which you have on your head, to poor old Grace.' Well, do you know, she was all smiles at my words, and she said, 'Come then, dear, go with me to Grace's hut, and I will do as you ask;' so with a jump, and a hop, and a

spring, I ran to the hut, and I found the poor old soul in bed, not sick but sad, and she had no food, nor fire; so judge how glad she was of the nice warm new milk! And I was as glad as she was when I saw her drink it; and I came out and left Madge with her; for I thought a few kind words and some chat would do her as much good as the milk.

"And as I came home, I found my eyes wet, and tears on my cheeks; but I am sure, I do not know why they came there, for I was all joy, and felt my heart so gay and so warm! I am sure I did not cry, for I was glad then, and though grave as you say, I am glad now.

THE POOR GAY.

"THERE are tears of joy as well as of grief," said the kind Aunt, "such as I now shed; can you tell why?"—"I can tell," said Blanche, I know why you weep, you are so glad to find Kate's heart so good."—"Yes, I love her that she did not think of self; and I love you, my Blanche, for your warm praise of her."

"So now let us run to the heath, to see the young men and maids dance," said Kate, and they set off for the heath. The old man was there, with a stone for his seat, and there were the lads, each with his lass, so blythe and gay. The turf was smooth for their feet, and the sweet herbs sent forth a mild scent. The

air was calm and still, and the sun, as it set on the sea, gave a rich light to the scene. "I love to see the poor made glad!" said the Aunt, "they toil so much, it is right they should have a few hours of mirth."—"If I were rich," said Kate, "I would think as much of the sports of my poor as of their toils; the song, and the dance on the fresh sod, in the cool air, can do no harm: nor is that all—the breast that glows with pure joy, when a sky like this, with stars as gems, and a moon as a lamp, form the roof and the lights; when the smell of plants and shrubs is the scent, and the sight of woods and heaths, and all the works of God are the charms and graces of the spot; the breast that glows in such scenes must glow with good thoughts."

The Aunt spoke no more, but her looks said all she felt. The girls were as gay as those

they saw dance, and they gave a few pence to the old man, and they sent milk and bread, and fruit to the young men and maids.

" Oh! we will help the poor to be gay when we can; why should they not be so, as well as the rich ?" These were the words of Kate, as she heard the sounds of the songs and the dance, of the blythe group they had just left. Ruth brought back the warm thanks of the poor she had been sent to cheer; joy is good for the heart, it is said so in the first and best of books: grief may help to cure faults, but mirth tends to nurse good thoughts, and to cheer good hearts.

LOVE, THE SOURCE OF JOY.

The two girls were good friends, and it was rare for them to frown or scold: one day, to be sure, they had a few harsh words, and Kate gave Blanche a blow on the face. The blow hurt Kate's heart more than it did the cheek of Blanche, for she was sad all the rest of the day, and so was her poor friend; both had been to blame, for Blanche had been in a great rage, and had said some harsh things to vex and fret: so good bye to all peace and joy! They took a walk, but in vain the sun shone and the birds sang; they saw not the beam, they heard not the strain. They ate some fine fruit, but its rich sweet taste was lost on them, dry bread would have done as well.

The Aunt saw something was wrong, and soon found out the cause of all their grave sad looks; she told them to come to her, and then she took a hand of each, and with mild words strove to bring them back to love.

"Blanche, you were wrong the first; rude words are as bad as harsh blows, for our words are as blows on the hearts of our friends; and what can be worse than to wound a friend's heart? Kate, you too have been much to blame; you ought to rule your mind, and curb it, when it is prone to fly out in rough acts: you know you can rule your thoughts as well as your limbs; you would not strike me, were I to fret you more than Blanche did. Come, ask your friend to kiss you; she must cease to think of your blow, and you must cease to think of her words."

Blanche flew to Kate's arms, and Kate caught

her to her heart with joy: both gave more than one kiss to their best friend. At once what a change took place in all things to them: how bright the sun! how sweet the birds! how good their lunch of brown bread!

"Dear girls," said the Aunt, "such is the charm of love! It is the source of our best joys, the balm of our worst woes; she who is blest with one true friend, has a sure shield to guard her from harm, and a sure spring of joy!"

HOW TRUTH IS LOST.

"Oh Aunt," said Kate one day, "do tell Blanche that droll tale, with which you made me laugh so much, when she was not here."

"Yes, pray do," said Blanche, and she took a chair by her friend, whilst Kate stood by full of smiles and winks. The Aunt was on a seat by the glass door, and soon did as she was bid in these words:—

THE THREE CROWS.

There was once on a time a poor man, who was sick, and the poor folks who dwelt near him knew he was ill, and would talk much of his sad state. One night, strange news were heard of him; a man said, he had been sick and had thrown up *three* crows, for so his wife told him. When they spoke to the wife, "yes," said she, "three *black* crows; it is all true, quite true."—"Did you see the crows, wife?"—"No, my dear, but Joan at the mill told me *she* did."—Some one went to the mill to beg Joan to shew the crows. "I have not seen them," said she, "nor did I say three

crows; I said two, and I am sure that is right, for Sue, at the shop, has them, so do not laugh all of you, but go ask Sue."

They went to Sue, she had no crows to shew, and was cross, and said, "Who dares to tell me of two crows? I did but say one; one I did name, and that was all, on my word."—"Then who spoke of two?"—"Not I, good folks, trust me, I am too fond of the truth — the mere truth."—"But there was one crow?"—"Yes, yes, that is sure, the man's wife's old aunt told me so." They ran to the man's wife's old aunt; she swore her niece had told her of one black crow; that the poor man had thrown up: "Go to the cot," said she, "and see it." The folks flew to the cot and told their tale; the sick man could not but smile when he heard them, and he was fain to laugh, when his wife set all to rights and said, "Good folks,

there are no crows at all in the case; I did but say that my poor man had been sick all night, and had thrown up some stuff, as *black as a crow.*"

A KISS AND GOOD NIGHT.

By the time the tale was done, and the laugh was done, it was the hour to go to bed, and the maid came with a light for the young girls. They each gave a kiss and a kind good night to their dear friend, and ran off to their own snug room. The cot had but three small rooms on the ground floor, and three small rooms on the first floor, and that was the whole of the house.

There was a nice piece of ground round it:

part was a lawn to play and run on, and part was a court for fowls and ducks, with a small pond in it, and nests for the hens to lay their eggs in ; and part was full of fruits and flowers, and beans, and peas, and greens of all sorts, and each girl had a plot of her own, for pinks and such plants, and each had a rose-bush full of buds. Then there were pears, and plums, and nuts, and a vine full of grapes that hung on the walls, and the roof of the low cot ; and a clear stream, with its soft turf bank, ran by the side of the lawn, and a hedge with wreaths of hops bound the end of the lawn. The boughs of trees hung on a seat made of roots, which in the hot months was a cool nook to work and read in, and drink tea in, and, more than that, to *think* in. For who could be there, and see the sun rise or sink with mild beams, but felt their thoughts rise to the great

God who made the sun? Who could feel the soft breeze waft health and strength, and not bless Him who gave the pure gale? Who could taste the juice of fruits, and smell the scent of buds, and not send up their hearts to Him who made fruits and buds? Then would the mind pause and think, "All things are made for the good of all: these for me, and I for them; they serve me, and I must serve them; I must be of use, as well as they; so let me make the best of life, and use my mind and my limbs, whilst I am young and strong, and can do good. By and by I shall be old, and weak, and not fit to work: then it will be too late to mourn the loss of time. This, this is the hour when I must toil with head, and hands, and heart; and think, and work, and feel."

PART II.

THE FALSE BEGGAR.

"My dear madam," cried Blanche, one day, "do listen to a poor woman in the hall, who is telling such a mournful story!"—"And she begs you to read this paper," added Kate, running in with a dirty crumpled letter in her hand. The kind lady read the paper, and heard the woman's story: then said, "Poor creature! your state seems very wretched, I will inquire about you, and come and see you, and try to serve you." The stranger begged hard for present relief, but the lady said she made a rule never to give aid until she knew the facts of the case. It was some time before

the woman would give an address; at last she did so, and went away.

"Dear Aunt, why did not you give the poor thing some money?"—"Because I was not sure money was the best thing I could give her; by seeing her, I shall best know how to serve her."—"But just one shilling?"—"I can afford to give that, I own, and it would have saved me trouble; but it is my duty to do the most good in my power, and that can only be done by going to the scene of woe."

In the course of the day, (for we ought not to defer a duty) the three went to inquire about the poor woman; she had called herself a widow, with five children starving in an old barn; no such place was to be found. By accident, she was seen standing at the door of the inn; and though she tried to hide herself, the Aunt found her out; what was the surprise of

the girls to see the feigned beggar in good clothes, in a good room, and with a table on which were tea things, a loaf, and butter, and white sugar. The Aunt waited to hear the meaning of all this, and the woman began a speech; but as it was plain she did not speak the truth, the Aunt shook her head, told her to give up her wicked course, and left her.

"My dear girls," said the good Aunt, "this woman's cunning is a proof that all who beg do not deserve, or require relief. But as there is much real distress in the world, those who truly desire to relieve it must not fail to visit the scenes of sorrow named to them, that so they may serve the unfortunate and detect the guilty.

THE TRUE BEGGAR.

"ANOTHER tale of woe, Aunt,"—cried Kate, a few weeks after the visit to the false beggar. "But I suppose, this also is not true, and therefore you will not give any help."—"My dear Kate, all persons claim our belief till we have proved their falsehood. This may be true, though the other was false; never let us decide till we have found out the real truth, which can only be done by going to the spot."

The woman named the cot in which she lived; it was far distant, but nothing can be done without trouble, and our three friends set out for the distant dwelling. The day was stormy and the road dirty; but, in the work

of pity, who would be stopped by such evils! Besides, the badness of the weather was the very reason why want and sickness most needed succour.

It was after much trouble and many mistakes, that the cottage was found, and Blanche was fearing this also was a fraud; but when they did enter the hovel, how glad were they that they had not given up the search: it was all true. The sick husband was trying to warm himself by a small fire; two little children, with no clothing but a ragged shirt each, were on the floor, thin and pale from hunger; the woman had a baby in her arms, crying for food.—Blanche and Kate shed some tears, for their hearts were full; but, drying them quickly, they thought it was better to act than to weep. The kind Aunt calmly thought over all that was best to be done, and then set

about it. She got food for the children and their mother, and wine and physic for the poor father. Then they all went to work, and made clothes for the naked little ones. It was more than a week before all they wished could be done; but it was done. Those who were ready to perish were fed, and cured, and clothed.

"Now you see, my dears, how right it is to visit the cases of distress, of which you hear; *some are true.* By seeing them with our own eyes, we know what is most wanted. It is seldom wise to give money to the poor; they don't know how to make the best of it; and by not giving to all, we have more to give to a few."

HOW TO DO THE MOST GOOD.

"You see, Kate, to do real good, one must not mind some trouble; for, you know, my love, it is our duty to detect and prevent error, as much as it is our duty to cherish virtue."—"But, Aunt, when one inquires too closely, one finds out sad faults."—"Right, my dear, and we do good even by that discovery. For, perhaps, we stop the guilty from going on in their course of crime; and that is no small service."—"True, Aunt, and besides that, we save the money of the kind for the good and honest, by keeping it from the bad and artful."

"Of two cases of distress named to us, you know, one was false and the other was true. This should teach us never to relieve want till

we are sure of its being true; this should teach us never to pass by a demand without notice; for fear we should thereby doom a fellow-creature to want and sickness, and, it may be, death."

"You have cured the poor man, my dear Aunt, and fed his wife, and clothed his children; but they will soon be in distress again, and you said you could not afford to keep them."—"I cannot afford it, indeed, my child; and I ought not to do it, if I could; for these people can now earn their living, and must not live upon my small poor purse."—"No, because that would prevent your helping any other poor person."—"Right, Kate; so I have been thinking to ask Lord Glenmore to let the man have work in his grounds."—"But you won't like to go and ask such a favour of Lord Glenmore."—"I am not fond of asking fa-

vours; but this is more for the poor man than for myself; and shall I not be doing his Lordship a favour, in shewing him how he can do a good act?"—"To be sure you will, and he has a kind heart, and loves to do good. Pray let us go, Aunt; I am sorry Blanche is ill and cannot go with us."—"You and I have been chatting and standing here, Kate, and have almost passed the hour, when our dear sick girl should take her physic. Ruth is with her; go to her, and I will fetch the phial and the cup, and follow you to her chamber." Kate ran off to the room of her sick friend.

BLANCHE LEARNS WISDOM.

"Oh! really I cannot, cannot take this horrid physic, dearest Madam!" cried Blanche, as soon as she saw her kind friend appear with phial and cup. "Fie, Miss!" said Ruth, and she leant on the back of the young lady's chair, and, in a whisper, besought her to behave with more sense and spirit. Kate kindly took her crying friend's hand, and spoke to her with so much mildness and reason: "My best Blanche, you are very ill, you know you are, and you cannot be better till you have taken something to relieve your fever."—"Oh, but that is such nasty vile stuff!"—"Do not call what will ease your pain by such harsh names: are you not in great pain?"—"Yes, yes, my

head aches, and I feel sick, and so ill, so very ill."—" And do you really prefer bearing all this, to a minute's bitter taste of physic in your mouth? Why, Blanche, are you so very foolish?" and Kate smiled as she spoke, and held the cup to her friend. Blanche dashed away the cup, and all the physic was spilt. " What have you done, wayward girl?" cried the Aunt; " this was the only dose proper for you in the house,—and we live so far from the town. Ah! when and where shall I get you some more?" At first, Blanche was glad that the physic was spilt; but when she found herself getting worse, she began to wish she could find some cure for her ailments. The kind Aunt sent all round the village, no one could give her the physic she wanted. It was dark, Ruth could not go alone to the town. The poor man, that had been helped and

cured, heard Ruth as she passed through the village speak of her young lady's illness, and he begged to go to the town for the physic. He walked as fast as he could, and came back with the dose the very moment he got it. But how did poor Blanche long for his return! Every minute seemed an hour to her; how gladly she took the mixture which before she had scorned. In a very short time, it soothed and eased her; she fell asleep, and awoke almost well: her first words were: "I hope I never again shall be so very, very childish."

BE KIND TO SERVANTS.

The next morning, when the Aunt went into the room, she found Ruth helping the

girls to get up, and both of them in high health and spirits. But, as she came in, she thought she heard some harsh words from Kate and Blanche to the maid; and she asked what was the matter? It seems that Ruth had not mended a gown for Blanche, as she had been bid to do, and as she had given her word she would do. Ruth said she was sorry, "but I forgot it, miss." She was about to receive a smart answer, when her mistress mildly bade her put down the gown and go away: as soon as she was gone, "How is this, girls?" said the good Aunt; "so cross to Ruth, who but last night was so good to you?" Blanche blushed, and turned away her head. Kate said, "Ruth always forgets all that is told her."—"That is more her misfortune than her fault. Pray, do you never forget, Kate, that you are so harsh to one who does?" It was now Kate's turn to

blush, for she was apt to forget. "But, why was Ruth to mend this frock; surely, Blanche, you are old enough to do it yourself?"—"Yes, ma'am, but it is work I don't like; I don't like darning and mending."—"I dare say, Ruth dislikes it also; servants have their feelings as well as we." Kate and Blanche began to see how selfish and unjust they had been; and their Aunt went on to say—"Pray, who tore this frock?"—"I did, ma'am, two days ago, when I was at play in the garden."—"Indeed! And so what you tore in the midst of your pleasure, Ruth is to sit down and mend, though ever so much against her convenience! Really, this is a new mode of acting fairly and justly!"

The girls were quite hurt at themselves, and began to declare how fond they were of Ruth, and how civil and kind she always was to them. "I quite agree with you, that she

deserves your favour; but do not let caprice make you sometimes behave well to her and sometimes ill; a steady system of kindness does more to gain friends than all the ardour and warmth in the world. Nothing is so bad in our intercourse with our fellow-creatures, —nothing so bad as caprice!"

THE VILLAGE SHOP.

Now Blanche was well again; they all walked to Lord Glenmore's, and he kindly gave his promise to employ the poor man in his gardens, or grounds. As they came back, they called in at the village shop, to buy some things for the poor man. The old woman, who kept the shop, came to serve them, and

she was wiping her eyes, and could scarcely speak for crying. "What is the matter, dame Hodge?" said the good Aunt, and went up kindly to the poor woman, whilst the two girls staid behind the counter. The old dame sighed, and said her daughter had just left her service, and she was afraid it would be long before she got so good a place again. The Lady said she would inquire among her friends for a place for Belle; and then they proceeded in their walk. The girls talked of the difference between all they saw at Castle Glenmore, and what they saw at the shop. "Yes," said the Aunt, "and you may also observe how little alike is the life of a rich lord and our poor dame. He and his lady have no care, but to please and amuse themselves just as the humour takes them, from morning till night; whilst dame Hodge has, even in old age, to

work for her food, and to cook it before she eats it. She must make her bed before she can sleep in it; in short, she must labour before she can possess any one thing. Then again, humble as is her lot, there are others who have a still more lowly fate; for instance, the poor man we have just helped to save from want. How much worse off is he, than our weeping old woman!"—"Aunt," said Kate, "I had been thinking with envy of Miss Glenmore; her toys, her books, her fine dress;—but I shall do so no more; for, oh! how well am I off, when I compare my lot to the poor children we have been clothing."—"You are right, Kate; be grateful for your lot, and reflect, that all have their share of good; what we do not prize is perhaps a joy and a pleasure to those who are below us in life; your old bonnet, you know, was a treasure to the poor man's child."

THE FARM-YARD.

When Kate's Aunt made a promise, she always took care to perform it; and now for many days she looked about to find a place for Belle. At last, she went to a farmer's, where she and the girls were much pleased to see the farmer's wife feeding the pigs. They looked over the rails, and saw the fat grunters feeding away, all in a row, whilst milk and barley were poured into their wooden trough. A farm-yard had many charms for Kate and Blanche:—the cows, lowing amid the clean deep straw, and the young calves standing at their sides;—the sheep feeding on the short sweet grass of the home field, and the pretty lambs skipping and jumping about;—the great mastiff, chained to his house, growling at each

stranger;—the threshers, in the barn, threshing out the corn;—the thatcher on the cottage roof mending the thatch: then the pretty garden, full of peas and beans, and leeks, and carrots; with one corner, gay with flowers, such as stocks, and pinks, and roses:—all seemed so pleasant and pretty about the farm, that they were quite glad to hear the farmer's wife say, she wanted a maid, and would be glad to try Belle. "How happy Belle will be in this charming place!"—"That must depend upon herself," said the Aunt. "My dear girls, it does not matter how many blessings fall to our lot, if we do not make the best of them. I agree with you, that Belle has a fair chance of comfort here; she will have much to do, and much to enjoy."—"That you often tell us is the best chance to be happy," said Blanche, "to have much to do, and much to enjoy."—

"I can enjoy nothing when I am idle," cried Kate. "Because you have been taught to be busy, Kate," said her Aunt; "and it is perhaps happy for you, that you are forced to employ yourself; your state in life demands it. Those, whose fate does not oblige them to work, are often wretched, because they are idle; this is one of the evils of wealth; so, you see, all states have their evil and their good. Let us be thankful for our share of good; let us be willing to make others the sharers of our blessing. 'To enjoy is to obey.'"

PART III.

THE HAPPY PARTY.

In coming from the farm, they saw a very pretty sight. A lady, who lived in a pleasant cottage in the valley, was seated in her garden, playing on a guitar, whilst her three children were dancing before her. In a moment, Blanche and Kate had run through the gate, to look at them. Their Aunt stopped at the paling, but told them to go on, and join the merry dance. "May we, Aunt?" asked Kate. "Surely, my love; we know these children and their mother well; and it is as much our duty to rejoice with them that rejoice, as to mourn with those who mourn."—"I am mighty glad

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Hen & Chickens.

Pub.d May 1.1831. by J. Harris. St.Pauls Church Yard.

of that!" said Blanche:—and behold them footing it away on the soft green turf. The Aunt joined the lady, and sang the merry air the latter played; the guitar sounded better, when joined by the voice. The dance was more mirthful when five, instead of three, threaded its mazes. It was a fine summer's eve, cool but dry, balmy and mild: time passed away quickly. After having been pleased and made others pleased, the group parted. The widow, cheered and happy, led her merry little ones into the house. The Aunt, gay and content, walked home with her young charge. "What a pleasant dance we have had!" cried Blanche. "Yes," said Kate, "I am glad we joined the party; we made them joyous, and ourselves so too. I am glad we joined them: are not you, Aunt?"—"Yes, my dear, very glad. Be happy and make happy,

is, you know, my merry motto."—" I thought you meant to soothe woe and relieve distress, when you talked of making happy."—" That is one of the modes by which we can dispense gladness, to be sure; but it is not the only one. I am a great friend to harmless mirth; it gladdens the human breast, and opens the heart of man to man. To be cheerful together, is a sure and pleasant way of joining ourselves to our neighbours and friends. He who made the world so smiling, formed us also to be gay."

THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

The visit to the farm-yard made the girls turn with fresh pleasure to their own little

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The Happy Party.

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court, and their own poultry; whilst Kate fed the larger fowls, from a basket under her arm, Blanche knelt down, and held a dish of softer food, for the hen and the young chickens within their wicker coop; this little brood had been a source of much pleasure. In a corner of the cow-house, Kate had first found their pretty white hen sitting on five eggs; her Aunt told her some more eggs had better be placed under her, as she could cover and give warmth to twelve or fourteen. "But, Aunt, she will not let any one approach; she pecks at my fingers, even if I try to feed her!"— "Well, we must see what can be done," was the Aunt's reply; and she took a basket full of fine fresh eggs and went to the nest. The hen, at first, seemed ruffled and angry; but when an egg was held out to her, she raised her breast a little, and with her bill, helped to

receive and place the egg under her bosom. In this manner she took ten eggs, and then would have no more. "She finds she has now as many as she can cover and keep warm," said the Aunt, "therefore she will not receive any more."—"What sense! What instinct!" cried the girls, charmed with the scene; "how useful her bill is to her!"—"Yes, it is her third hand," said the Aunt; "with her bill she will daily turn each egg, so that each part shall be duly warmed; and she will never quit her nest for more than a few minutes at a time, for fear her eggs should be harmed by the cold."—"Oh! the good creature!" cried Kate. "She will do all this for three weeks," added her Aunt, "for three long weeks, and nothing will divert her from her duty; nothing will draw her from her loved nest, and she will become thin and weak from watching and

little food; yet she will fulfil her duty. Such is the instinct given her by the great Author of nature! I often think that human mothers would act better towards their children, did they listen more to the dictates of their hearts, —their hearts, which our Father in heaven warms and inspires."

THE WELSH HARPER.

From the court-yard, a wicket led into a green wooded lane, and as the three rambled forth, careless whither they roved, sure of finding beauty in all around, they came at a turn of the path in view of a strange object. It was a very old man, seated beneath an oak tree; his hat lay on the violet bank on which

he was placed, and he was playing a Welsh air on a Welsh harp. He was no beggar; his dress was decent, and his figure robust. When his song was ended, for he sang as well as played, the ladies went up to him, and heard his story. He was one of the few harpers that were yet to be found in Wales; the sad remnants of those aged bards, who, in times of yore, were so dear and so common in that land of vales and mountains. His cot, on the brow of a cliff, far away among the rocky wooded heights, had been blown down one stormy night. It was old, he said, like himself; and, like himself, no longer able to withstand the tempest's power. "So, lady, I am come, in my old age, to seek a shelter in these more peaceful valleys."—"And have you found a refuge worthy your grey hairs?"—"Aye, lady, indeed have I; our young Lord Glenmore has given me a cot, in that snug nook, in the

deep forest; there, where the clear spring trickles, and the high trees meet."—"You speak like a poet, good harper."—"I was one once," he said, and sighed, and then played a soft wild dirge on his harp. The tears came into his eyes, and into those of his hearers: on a sudden, he dashed away his tears, and his fingers struck a sprightly measure. "Why should I weep," he cried, as he finished the gay air, "I, who have so much to make me rejoice? Come to my cottage, lady; my dame will welcome you, and you will see what comfort my young Lord has heaped on me. He is young and gay, but he does not forget his poor tenants; he has the power and the will to do good; he wrote, with his own hands, his orders for my comfort; it was little trouble to him; but how great, how very great the blessing to us! Oh! if all lords were so thoughtful and so active!"

THE HARPER'S COTTAGE.

The ladies did not forget the old harper; and not many days passed before they sallied forth to search for his lowly cottage. They wound through the mazes of the wood, treading on dry leaves and crackling boughs, and scaring the squirrel from its nook, and the dove from her lone haunts. The sound of the gurgling stream, dashing down the mountain's side, guided their steps, and drew them to the very spot. The harper and his aged wife were seated by their blazing fire, and the ladies were soon seated with them. Both looked cheerful and happy, though both had known much sorrow; but, just ready to finish the journey of life, they said they had done

with this world's care. Nothing can be more cheering than the sight of a gay old age! It seems to speak a long and blameless life; it seems to speak, a body unhurt by vice and folly, a mind unstained by crime or guilty thoughts. "And have you no children?"—"We have had three: two gallant boys, who died for their country; and our youngest son is now a brave sailor."—"And you see him sometimes?"—"Always, when he can come to us; and he never comes with empty hands: that shawl, his mother wears, be brought her; and this purse with gold in it, he gave me. Oh! he is a dear good boy."

The happy parents were never tired of talking of this loved child; and Kate and Blanche smiled and wept, as they heard of the comfort and joy, which a kind son could dispense to his aged parents. As they slowly

walked home, they spoke of all they had seen and felt, and the good Aunt made many remarks. "You see, my dears, how the pains and weakness of old age can be soothed, by the love and duty of tender children; you see, that when all other feelings have passed away, a parent's love survives. Ah! nor time nor absence can destroy a parent's love! Children should bear this in mind, and omit no chance of giving joy to those, who perhaps depend on them for all their joy, who once were the source of all their own."

THE POACHER.

In the wildest part of the wood, just where it bounded the heath, the party were startled by seeing a man rush out before them. He

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The Poacher.

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had a gun in his hand, and would have fled; but, in his fright, he had broken his wooden leg, and soon fell to the ground.

The kind Aunt drew away her girls from the presence of the rude clown; and, calling out to him, that she would send some one to succour him, she moved forward as quickly as she could. From the village they sent a peasant to this helpless cripple; and, as they paced homewards, the Aunt told her girls his story. "That young man was once rich and honest. He is the son of a worthy farmer, whose fate I will tell you, when I have done telling that of his son. Young Godfrey, for that is his name, gave way to habits of sloth and self-will; of course, he soon became tired of having nothing to do, so he wanted to find them who would talk to him and amuse him. The busy would not give up their time to this slothful youth; so he went among the idle, among those

like himself. He rambled about all day, and spent the night in drinking, and all sorts of folly; his health was lost, his money was spent; he became sickly and feeble, poor and wretched: his temper was spoilt; the merry boy became the peevish, brutal man. In vain his friends prayed, and his father wept; he heeded them not, and, going on from folly to crime, he became a poacher. A poacher is a lawless person, who kills and steals game. In one of his nightly prowlings, he was caught in a trap, set for such thieves, and his leg was broken, so it was cut off, and he had a wooden leg; all this pain and disgrace did not cure him; you see, he goes on his wild career, and I tremble to think how it will end. Ah! the first step in vice is the first step in sorrow. Happy they who listen to advice, and stop short whilst they can."

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The Unhappy Father!

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THE UNHAPPY FATHER.

"AND now for the father's sad tale," added the good Aunt. "One very cold day, last winter, when the ground was frozen hard, I went out to visit a sick child in the village. Crossing the heath, on my return home, I saw, beneath a tree, the figure of an old man. On hearing my approach, he arose, and, kneeling before me, besought my pity. A few rags barely hid his frozen limbs, and want and sorrow wrinkled his time-worn face. I stopped to hear his story, and learn how I could best serve him. Alas! it was the wretched father of Godfrey. 'He has spent all my money, madam; but that I could have borne, had it gone by ill-luck, or in any honest way:

but he has brought my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave by his vices. Oh! when I held him in my arms, my first pretty baby; when I saw him on my knee, my loved and only son; I little thought of all the sorrow he was to heap upon me! His mother died whilst he was an infant, and I mourned for her; but now I am glad she did not live to see what I have seen. And I have nobody to blame but myself: I was too good to him; I let him have his own way too much; all my friends said, You indulge the lad too much; you will repent it: and so I do, so I do.' His tears here choaked his voice; I tried to comfort him; he shook his head, and said, 'What comfort is there for a father, whose only child deserts him, whose only child is a disgrace to him? There is no comfort for me on this side of the grave! If I had but a hovel, where I could hide my

wretched head, and not shew the world to what my son has humbled me!'—Love, you see—a father's love—was yet alive, and willing to shield the very child from whom sprang all his woes.

"You may be sure, I found a shelter for the poor man; and he died soon after, with his last words sending his blessing and his pardon to his cruel son. Such is the force of a parent's love! Such are the evils a child may inflict!"

THE WHITE AND PINK TULIP.

The sad story of guilt and grief had so much hurt the two girls, that for some days they could think of nothing else; and they became grave and mournful. To revive their

spirits, their Aunt took them to walk in the noble gardens of Lord Glenmore. Among the beds of flowers, was a plot of tulips of the finest forms, and the brightest colours: one of the tulips the Aunt plucked, and gave to Kate. It was a double one, of snowy brightness, with the edges tinted in shades of the richest crimson: nothing could be more lovely; and Kate said she would draw and paint it, as soon as she got home. "That is one of the uses of drawing and painting, Kate, to preserve an image of the lovely objects which nature scatters around us. When you have done this piece, we will take it to our friend, the widow; she is fond of flowers, and will value your sketch. Thus by your skill, in this charming art, you will not only preserve a picture of this lovely flower, but you will please one, who has

pleased you, and deserves this mark of your regard."

Many other fine shrubs and plants were seen in the grounds and gardens; but no object gave them more joy, than their poor man digging away in one corner. He looked well, and seemed happy, and was kindly spoken of by the bailiff of Lord Glenmore, who told them the poor fellow worked hard, and was very grateful. And the man took off his ragged hat, and made a bow so humble, so thankful, it was cheering to look upon him. It was cheering to think a fellow-creature had been saved from sorrow, and placed where he could earn his bread with decent pride. "Do not let us think how often we have been misled by the poor," said the good Aunt; "let us only think of such as this man, who was a

real object of distress, who has proved honest and grateful. It is better to take any trouble than to let *one* case of real distress pass without aid. How great is the reward for all our trouble, when we can gaze upon one eye lighted up to gladness through our efforts!"

THE DEAD GOLDFINCH.

KATE and Blanche had a bird, which they had long fed and nursed with the tenderest care. One day, it was found dead on the floor of the room, its little feet shrunk on its body, its wings outspread, and its head bloody; how did this happen? Blanche wept, and blamed Kate; Kate wept, and blamed Blanche: nothing but reproach and mourning was to be

heard. The Aunt came in, to inquire into the matter. Both the girls began speaking at the same time, each blaming the other. "I do not like this," said the Aunt; "this is neither just nor kind; I do suppose you both have been to blame; and I must tell you, that in this instance, as in all others, it does not lessen our own faults to prove that others have erred with us. Indeed, I think it adds to our fault thus to accuse and reproach others. One of you left the cage on the very edge of the table, it seems; and the other forgot to fasten the door of the cage, with the care it ought to have been done. Thus both were to blame; and it would please me more, and be more a sign of virtue in you, if you would each lament your own error, and not rudely upbraid each other."

The two girls felt the good sense of their dear friend's remarks, and saw their error.

The very last Sunday, they had heard a fine sermon, on the text of the "mote" and "beam," and they had said, at the time, what a good sermon it was, and how just, and wise, and true, was every part of it. Yet, behold! within a little week, each word and sentence in it was forgotten. Such is often the fate of good advice. It is hoped the advice given in this little book will not so soon pass away; but that all those who read of Kate and Blanche, and their good Aunt, will bear in mind their sayings and their doings; and then, like them, they will learn to profit by what happens around them. They will learn to turn each event of life to some good purpose, either for themselves or others, and thus earn that cheerful old age, which they have just had described to them in the Harper's tale.

PART IV.

THE GOOD SISTER.

"COME, Charles, and I will tell you all the tales I can think of: so be still, and hear me."

Janet was left an orphan, very young; and she had a little brother and a little sister to share her sad fate. It was a pretty sight to see her and them; she, working at a table, with a basketful of work upon it; little Paul trying to read; and little Jessy standing by him, helping him to spell, and find out the hard words. Janet, when she found herself alone in the world, was very sad, but she had no time for sorrow, she had to take care of her dear little ones, teach them, work for them,

play with them; she hired a small neat room in which they all lived; and the smiles and kisses of Paul and Jessy were her sweetest comfort and reward. She used to rise early; and, whilst they yet slept, she was busy. Jessy was very proud, when she could do anything to help her dear sister; and Paul was all joy, when he had a job to do for her, or an errand to run on. The neighbours were very kind to the orphans; for when people behave well and help themselves, every body is willing to help them. What a seemingly small service is welcome to the poor and friendless! a basket of fruit, a half worn garment, even a few kind words. But Janet was not idle, nor wholly leaning on her friends for food and raiment. No, she earned a little money by her needle, and she made the best of all that was given her; and an old uncle used to send her a crown

every Monday. How much good did this crown produce! Part of it paid the rent; and the rest was spent in bread and milk, fuel, soap, and candles. Ah! how many things we want, before we deem ourselves in comfort. Janet was thankful to procure those most needed, and without a sigh gave up all else. "If I can but keep myself in health to work for my two dear ones, and if I can but see them well and merry, I shall be content." So said Janet; and, when the weather was fine, she would send the children out to play in the fields, and sometimes go with them herself, as a treat. I think, we must call this story, "The Good Sister."

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

I ONCE knew two charming little girls, and a smiling boy, who were so happy, so happy! They loved each other fondly, and what was the joy of one was the joy of all. I can fancy I see them now, seated all three at a table, their heads closely meeting, as they all read the same book, or looked at the same pictures. Their parents were rich, and could afford them many fine things, but their chief good arose from love, and concord.

If one was in trouble, the others would unite to help him out of it; and, if one was sick, he was sure of at least two good nurses. Had one a toy or a cake, it was worth nothing till shared with the other two; and if you

pleased one, you were sure to please all. No noise, no murmurs were heard, where they dwelt. There was much laughing, indeed, and some singing; much chatting, and much dancing. If one played a tune on the piano, the other two would stand by, and sing to the merry music. All three could dance in a reel; so a reel was the chosen dance; and for the tune, all sang it as they danced. Was a letter to be written; one would write, and the others help to spell the words, and think what was best to say. Was a lesson to be learnt; there was such hearing, and prompting, and helping, that the lesson was soon learnt by all. With the early lark, they sprang from their beds, to meet each other; and not till the glow-worm was shining on the dark turf did they part, with many tender "Good-nights:" always at peace with each other, they were so

with all the world. No harsh words passed their lips; no dark frowns gloomed their brows. They were not pretty; but people thought them lovely, because their looks were so sweet and gentle. They were not very clever; but people called them very clever, because their manners were so mild, and frank, and pleasing. By their conduct, these three dear children caused their own bliss, and gained the love and esteem of all around them. I should think, to copy them would be very easy and very pleasant: suppose, Charles, you try!

THE OLD GRANDFATHER.

Once upon a time, as the story book says, there lived an old man, in a snug little cottage. There was only one room, and one door, and

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The Old Grandfather.

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one window, and a small garden on the side. Old as the poor man was, he used to go out to work in the fields; and he would come home at night so tired and so weak, with his tools on his shoulder, and his hard-earned loaf tied up in his bag. And who do you think used to meet him at his cottage door? Two children, the little ones of his son, a boy and a girl. They were too young to work, except to weed the garden, or fetch water from the brook, or pick up stones in the meadows. For such little jobs, the farmers would pay them with a few old clothes; and the bread the aged grandsire earned, with what fruits and things grew in the garden, just kept them from starving. In winter, when it was cold, they had no lamp, and very little fire; so they used to huddle close to each other for warmth, the girl on one knee, the boy on the other, and listen

to the old man. Sometimes, he would tell them droll tales; sometimes, he would teach them a prayer or a hymn; sometimes, he would talk to them of their father, who was at sea, and of their mother, who was in the grave. And then they would nestle in the old man's bosom, and so, lying down on their straw pallet, they would all fall into sweet slumber.

Each year, the old man grew weaker; but then his children, each year, grew stronger: as he ceased to labour, they began to toil. Oh! what joy to work for him, who had so long worked for them! Things were mending each day at the cottage; for four young hands could do more than two old ones; but yet they were badly off.

One stormy night, a stranger knocked at the cottage door. It was the sailor, the long absent son and father. He had saved a little

money, and was come to live and die in his native cot. What joy! What comfort! The old man worked no more. His son and grandson worked for him; his girl nursed him; and all loved him: so his life was calm and blest, and his death was holy and peaceful.

THE KIND FATHER.

In one moment, joy may be changed into mourning; but let us never forget that, in one moment, also, mourning may be turned into joy! I will tell you a story to the point.

A woodman, called Wilfred, had an only son, named Maurice. Maurice was the comfort of his father, and the delight of all his friends. He was humane, active, cheerful;

where he worked, labour was soothed by mirth; where he was present, leisure was cheered by sport. He always hoped the best, and was ready for the worst; gay, yet prudent; careful, yet generous.

One stormy winter's night, all on a sudden, he was missing. No friend, no neighbour, knew what was become of him; his father sought for him in each hamlet and village around. No tidings of him could be anywhere gained, except that a cotter's boy thought he had seen him, on that fearful night, on the top of the cliff that hangs over the sea. It was enough; all now believed that he had fallen from the awful height, and was lost in the wild waves below. His father pined and became ill; his friends mourned. "Ye should not thus mourn, as those without hope," said the worthy pastor of the parish; "he may be

yet alive."—"That is not possible," cried the weeping parent. "All things are possible," was the pious answer of the curate. Sick, weak, and hopeless, Wilfred took to his bed, and was thought to be dying. The doctors said so; his nurse said so. "Perhaps, he may revive," said the curate. "That is not possible," cried the nurse and the doctor. "All things are possible," was again the reply of the good pastor. One calm night, in spring, the curate was called to pray with the dying man. His friends were weeping around him; he himself thought he had not an hour to live; but the curate did not think so. Some one knocks; the latch is quickly raised; the door opens; in an instant, Maurice is in the arms of his father. Oh, joy! Oh, bliss! How can this be? Maurice, it seems, had fallen into the hands of smugglers, who kept him at sea with them, till, by a lucky

chance, he made his escape from them. The sight of him was as if life had been poured into the veins of his father. Did he die? No; he lived to prove, and to own, that in one moment our sorrow may be turned into joy.

THE POOR WIDOWER.

When poor Mary died, her husband was wild with grief, for she was young, and tender, and good, and he looked forward to many years of happy life. He would not hear the voice of pity, nor listen to the words of comfort. At first, his friends did not blame his grief, for they knew how much he had lost; but when, against reason, and against duty, he would indulge his regrets, they ceased to pity,

and began to reprove. This made him worse, till at last he sank under the struggle of his feelings, and became very, very ill. His was a sickness no doctors could cure, no nurse assuage; yet he had a good nurse, and a good doctor, who did all they could for him. But what can be done for one, who would take no advice, and profit by no kindness? The mind and the body depend much on each other; when the one droops, the other soon sinks. The senses of the mourner became weak and clouded, and his reason seemed shaken. He had one child, but he would never see her; he said, the sight of her would kill him, she was so like her dear mother. Thus he shut himself out from all the comforts yet left him, and then said he had no comforts. This was all very weak, and very wicked.

One morning, when his doctor was sitting

with him, trying, in vain, to reason him out of his folly, and his nurse was coaxing him to swallow some broth, his little girl, by chance, passed by the room. The door was a little open, so she came in, and took the bason of broth from the table, and, holding it to her father, she lisped the words she heard the nurse saying. "Do take some, pray do, for the sake of your poor child." She did not know who he was, but she saw he was pale and weak, and she knew the nurse well, and she thought to please and help nurse. The sick man started at hearing the soft low voice of the little creature, and the tears came into his eyes, as he looked upon her tiny figure and smiling face. He caught her in his arms and kissed her, and felt all the folly of which he had been guilty, in shutting his eyes to the comfort his Mary had left him, in not having

done his duty to the child given to him. He soon began to revive, and to repent of his past weakness. He soon felt that all blessings were not lost in one; that all duty is not comprised in that of mourning for the dead.

THE GOOD LADY.

"SEEING is believing. I never will believe any one, until I know her distress is real. But I never will turn any one from my door, without trying to find out the truth of the story." So said a lady; and, putting on her bonnet, she went to seek the abode of want. Down this dirty lane, and through that miry alley, and up a dark passage, and across a muddy court, and into such a filthy hovel, and up such crazy

stairs. Her limbs were quite tired, and her spirits quite worn out; but her heart was as warm and fresh as ever, and her wishes as kind. "Never, never let us stop short in the course of duty, in the efforts of pity." Such were her thoughts as she paced forwards towards the scene of distress. She was there at last; and what a scene! Six children and their starving mother, without food, without fire, almost without clothing, so thin, so pale, so haggard. "And, I was eating a hearty breakfast, when this beggar came to my door. Oh! if I had sent her away without hope, and left her without help!" The lady's heart beat fast, as these thoughts passed through it; and she heaved a heavy sigh, and wiped away a few bitter tears. But then, rousing herself, she felt there was much to be done. Two babies, twins, were in the woman's arms, as she rose

from her only chair to welcome the lady. The eldest girl was seated on the only stool, holding a cup of cold water to a sickly infant on her knee; a boy was mounted on a piece of wood, trying to find something to eat on the shelf; and a younger girl was running to hide herself in the ragged bed, having only a scanty garment thrown about her chilled body.

The woman had no need to beg for pity; her state besought it, claimed it. "Were you at my house this morning?"—"Ah! no, madam, I could not crawl so far; besides, how could I leave my little ones? It was a kind neighbour that spoke for me, Heaven bless her!"—"Thus the poor can help the poor," said the lady; "and thus it is that real distress is found in holes and corners, unknown and modest." This lady was not rich, but yet she placed this sad groupe in a state of com-

fort. She had old clothes to give, and she could contrive cheap broth, and she could spare a little money. I think one never misses what one gives to the poor and needy.

POOR HANNAH.

Fanny and her brother Horace were walking in the fields near their house, when they saw a little girl crying very much. She was all in rags and tatters, and looked very pale and half starved. "What is the matter, poor child?" asked Horace. "Oh! I am a wretched creature," said she. "Where do you come from?" asked Fanny. "From the village of Moswood," said the child. "From that village beyond the forest?" said Horace, point-

ing to the place he meant. "Yes, Sir."—"Bless me!" cried Fanny, holding out her hand with surprise; for Moswood was the village whence they had just come, after spending a pleasant week at their Uncle's, who lived there. "Do tell us your story," said Horace. The girl, between her sobs, told her little tale of woe, in words like these:—"I am a poor orphan; but a rich farmer took me into his service, where I lived content, and healthy. I used to weed the garden, pick up stones, gather wood, and do a hundred other jobs: I was not idle; so they gave me clothes and food. But a week ago, they scolded me, and beat me, and turned me out of the house, and since then, I have lived on turnips, and berries, and water, and I am dying of hunger; for now I have no friend in the wide world, and have lost my all,—my good name!"—"And

how did you lose your good name?"—"I do not know, miss; they were all so angry and so rough, I only heard some words about a silver thimble and some scissors; and then they called me a thief; and I cried out, 'I am no thief;' and then they beat me, and called me a liar; but oh! I am no liar!"—"Tell me your name, —quick, quick," said Fanny. "Hannah," said the child. Fanny turned pale; and her brother said, "Surely, this is not the girl that our Uncle's Bailiff, Andrew—" "Yes, yes, I am that poor, poor girl."—"And it was I who lost the thimble; and it was I who said, in a careless way, that I dared say the young weeder had got it," cried out Fanny, bursting into tears. "And you found the thimble again?"—"Yes, in my workbox, up stairs." —"And you said nothing of having found it?" —"No, I did not; I did not think I had done

any harm. Dear Horace, do not look so angry! I see I have been very cruel, and very wicked! With my careless words, I have been the ruin of this friendless girl! But let us go home, and explain all, and save her from farther hurt; and oh! *never, never* let us speak ill of the poor and the friendless, unless we are quite, *quite* sure they are to blame."

FEARFUL FANCIES.

Old Matthew and his young neighbour Joe were coming home from the fair, one night, loaded with some things which they had bought. It was a lovely moonlight night, and the air was soft, and the dew was cool upon the turf on which they paced. They

walked on stoutly, speeding the time with droll stories and merry chat, till they came in sight of a house that had long stood empty, and was half in ruins. All at once, Matthew became grave, and Joe silent, and they passed the house as quickly as they could. When they had quite passed it, "I wonder why you are so grave, all of a sudden, Matthew!" said Joe. "And I wonder why, all at once, you are so silent, Joe!" said Matthew; and both made believe to laugh and be merry, but both cast a look behind at the house, and both began to walk quickly, and almost to run. A sort of crackling noise was heard: "Dear me," cried Joe, "what a horrid sound!" Soon after, a kind of twitter was sounded: "Mercy upon us," cried Matthew, "what dreadful notes!" Cold, trembling, aghast, afraid of they knew not what, these two stout men,

who would have braved the cannon's mouth, quaked, and tried to run away. Just at this moment, the clouds lightly floating away, the moon shone in a flood of glory, and all around was clear as in a sunny noon. The panting men stopped to take breath, and threw a fearful glance behind. Matthew beheld a scathed oak, the dry and leafless boughs of which swung and crackled in the breeze. "Ha! ha!" he said, and laughed; "your brittle sprays, Mr. Oak, have made this fine brave fellow shake and tremble thus!" and he jeered poor Joe. Matthew's loud laugh scared a bird from its secret bower, and as it flitted past them, it sounded again its soft low notes. "Ho! ho!" cried Joe, "it is your strains, Mrs. Bird, that have frighted this gallant hero, this merry Matthew!" The friends now both laughed, and owned the folly of their

fancies. "What a sad thing is fear!" said Matthew; "when once we let it come over us, how quickly it masters us! Fear made a tender oakspray seem to crackle with horrid sound! Fear made a timid bird seem to utter dreadful notes! Well, we shall be wiser the next time: and think, and look, and feel, before we yield ourselves to fear, and on such a glorious night too!"

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

"IT is my doll, and he wants it," cried Susan, running to her papa and mamma, all in tears and anger. "I only wanted to look at it, you cross girl!" said Edmund, running after her, and trying to snatch the doll from her. "Hollo, young man!" said his father,

" do you use your strength only to oppress the weak? Fie! I thought it was the first duty of a man to protect a woman, not abuse her."—" Yes, papa, but Susan is such a pet, and such a peevish little girl."—" No, Sir," said Susan, " it is you who are a tyrant, and a rude, rude boy."—" I am no tyrant, miss."—" Yes, Sir, you are."—" Silence, if you please, both of you," cried their father; and their mother, drawing Susan towards her, asked her how the fray began. Now Susan was a girl of truth, and when she began to think over the matter, she found she had been cross, as her brother said; and, like a noble child, she would not change the truth to hide her fault; so she blushed, and was silent, and cast down her eyes. Edmund, therefore, came forward to speak, and he did say a few words bold enough at first, as thus: " Papa, now I will

tell you all about it; I wanted to see Susan's doll, and so I—I," here he began to stammer. "Speak on," said his father; "you wished to see Susan's doll, and you asked her to let you look at it." Edmund was now quite silent, he too blushed and cast down his eyes, whilst Susan peeped at him slyly through a corner of her eye, and smiled upon him, with a pretty saucy smile. He felt willing to smile also; but he tried to look grave. "As Edmund does not go on to tell us *all about it,*" said his father archly, "suppose, my little Sue, you begin the story where he left off." So Susan said, in a kind of whisper, "I would not have kept it, if he,"—then she stopped, and added, "I believe I was cross."—"No, no," cried Edmund loudly, "you were not cross, till I was rude. Papa," said he, firmly, "I wanted to snatch the doll from her, and that's the

truth of the matter." His father shook hands with him, and said, "That's my fine fellow! Always speak the truth, even when it shews your faults." Susan held up her little mouth to her brother, and he kissed her, and called her his pretty little Sue; and their mother said, "There is nothing like speaking the truth for ending quarrels, and making us all live in peace."

FIRST TRY GENTLE MEASURES.

Willie and his cousin Grace were coming from church, one fine Sunday morning, when, in crossing the meadow, they heard and saw strange things. Three idle boys were playing at marbles, and swearing at each other in

a most dreadful manner. Willie drew his cousin's arm closer into his, and led her as quickly as he could from the horrid scene. But it took some minutes to get out of sight of them, and still more time to get out of the way of hearing them. Grace saw they were dirty and in rags, and she heard words which made her shudder with horror and with pity. "Poor creatures! they do not know what they say," cried she, as she moved past them. "I dare say, they have no friends to teach them better."—"They ought to be soundly thrashed," said Willie; "I dare say, that would do them good. I know them; they are sad rascals, Grace, my dear, and do not deserve your pity."—"Do not say so, Willie; perhaps a little pity and kindness would be of more use to them than all your thrashings."—"Perhaps it would, my sweet Grace, if you were

the speaker," said Willie; "for I know, when I am in a rage, your gentle voice softens me down in a moment; and all my master's frowns do not touch my heart half so much as one of your little angry shakes of the head." Grace smiled, and said, "If you find gentle means are best for yourself, why do you not try it for others?"—"Because I am a man, Grace."—"But you might be a *gentle*-man," said Grace, with an arch look. Willie laughed, and they talked on, and it was agreed between them that the word *gentle*-man came from *gentle*, to be mild, and humane, and kind, and not from *genteel*, to be polite, civil, graceful. When this was settled, which took them all the time they were crossing the meadows, and going down the hawthorn lane, they began to speak again of the poor boys; and by the time they reached their home they had also settled, that

they would try all manner of gentle means of curing these wicked idlers of their bad habits. Grace was to ask her papa to speak kindly to them and to send them to school; and Willie was to stop and reason mildly with them; and both Grace and Willie were to give them little presents of good books, and decent clothes to go to church in. "Well, Grace, dear," said Willie, drawing himself up, and looking like a man, "we must see what can be done for these poor children; at all events, there is no harm in trying to help and reclaim them."

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Small Faults end in Greater.

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SMALL FAULTS OFTEN END IN GREATER.

Eve used to laugh when her mother told her, that if she desired to grow up in goodness, she must avoid the smallest faults; "for, my dear Eve, people do not become bad all at once. No, they begin with thoughts of evil, and making excuses for evil, and doing little things that are not quite right, and so go on in error, till all their virtue is fled." In time, Eve found out the justness of her mother's remarks, and the goodness of her advice. Eve was very fond of fruit, but, for all that, she would not have touched a pear or a plum that did not belong to her, for all the world; and as for lying and stealing, she thought they were crimes it was not *possible*

she could ever commit. But we shall see. Eve very often asked for more fruit than her mamma chose to give her. "There is plenty, mamma, why may I not have more?"—"My dear Eve, learn to restrain your wishes even when you can indulge them. Learn to see things you like, without wanting them, that you may be able to govern your desires. Thus, when you grow older, you will find it easy to exert self-control when needful." Eve felt the good sense of this speech, but she did not allow it to guide her. She used to indulge each whim that came into her head; would eat all the sweet things she could obtain, and buy all the toys she could afford. Soon, she had no thought to deny herself any fancy. From eating all the fruit she could buy, or slyly coax out of friends, she went on to pick a peach here, and an apple there. "I will tell,

if they ask me," thought she; and thus she cheated herself to do what she knew was wrong. No one asked her, and she went on picking and eating, till she had got the habit of helping herself to all she liked, whether she had a right to it or not. It was soon noted that fruit did not remain safe on the sideboard, or in the open closet, so her mamma and the servants ceased to leave it about. Eve had got such a habit of eating fruit, that she felt as if she could not now do without it; so at last she stole the key of the store-room, and went in there to eat apples. She ate in such haste and horror that they almost choaked her; her eyes were starting; her heart beating; her limbs trembling. Poor wretched creature! Could she call this pleasure; her mind all the time full of that divine command, "Thou shalt not steal!"

GEORGE THE HERO.

When George and his sisters were going to school, they all cried as if their hearts would break. Their mother tried to console them. "I know this parting of friends is one of the cruel sorrows of life," said she; "but do not forget, my dear children, that this pain brings us our sweetest pleasure."—"Oh! mother, what is that?"—"The joy of meeting." George wiped his eyes, and looked as cheerful and as manly as he could to calm his sisters. For he was a dear boy, and always tried to be kind to all, and to do good to all. When his mother left the room, he took her place, and went on with her efforts to soothe and comfort the weeping girls. Emma and

Lucy could not hear his cheering words, could not look on his rosy face, with a tear in his eye and a smile on his lips, and not be soothed. "We are so happy at home!" said Emma. "And it is such pain to part!" cried Lucy. "I know all that very well," said George, with the air of a sage, and the firmness of a hero: "I know all that very well, my dear girls; but I also know that our home will seem dearer after this absence; and then the sweets of return will make up for these moments of anguish." The girls smiled upon him, and thought him a very fine fellow; so, to finish their regrets, he added, "Winter is not pleasant, but its rigours make us enjoy with double relish the charms of spring." All the party laughed at this sage speech, and George owned that he had learnt it from papa. They went to school; they were so busy there,

and had so many playfellows, that time passed swiftly. Easter soon came, and George called to take his sisters home with him. The chaise rolled quickly along; soon they were at the well-known gates; soon George ran up stairs after his sisters; soon sprang after them into the dear room. Mamma was there and dear papa. The girls were in a moment hugging their mamma, whilst the sage and the hero, master George, stood one instant at the open door to exclaim, "Did I not tell you, girls, that the joys of meeting would repay the pangs of parting?" This was all he had time to say; for he, too, wanted to be in mother's arms, and prest to mother's heart. He, too, wanted to feel father's clasping hand, and hear father's dear "Welcome home!"

THE FAIRING.

BRIDGET had been a very good girl, and her mamma wished to reward her; so she gave her some money to buy herself what she liked at the fair. This was a double pleasure for Bridget, that she had pleased mamma, and that she could please herself. We shall soon see how she added a third pleasure to her list. It was a fine day, and crowds of people were seen, in their best attire, passing along the lanes and meadows to the fair. Bridget went there with her mother, and saw much to amuse her; besides, she found it a cheering sight, to look upon so many merry happy faces. Friends were meeting friends; some giving presents, some telling the news, some shaking

hands; all were gay and blithesome, and a bright sun beamed on many a joyous face. Bridget's mamma led her to a stall, where toys and books were sold, and left her to buy what she chose, whilst she herself passed on to chat with a friend she saw in the crowd. Bridget had a pretty baby sister, and her first purpose was to find some toy for her. When she had bought a book full of pictures for the little Alice, she began to think what she should like best herself: after much thinking and looking, she settled to have either a workbox, or a lovely dressed droll. As she looked at the charming doll, which the woman held in her hand, she heard a plaintive voice behind her, and, turning round, she saw a very very old man. He was trembling with age and weakness, and held out a ragged hat, saying, "I am poor, and old, and needy!" Poor Bridget felt her heart fill with pity, and she turned

from the tempting stall; when, thinking she had given the woman at the stall much trouble, she began to reflect whether she ought to leave it without buying something. So she said to the woman, "I have only bought this book from you, and I have given you some trouble, but I want to let this poor old man have my money."—"Do so, dear child," said the woman kindly; "he wants it more than I do." Bridget with joy gave all the money she had left to the beggar, and he said, "God bless you!" in a tone that came warm from his heart, and went warm to hers. How often did she recal that fervent "God bless you!" By night and by day it was with her, blessing her, cheering her, making her gladsome. What toy could have given her half so many pleasant thoughts! half so many real joys! half so many mirthful feelings!

MISTRUST YOURSELF.

The bells were ringing gaily for church, and the village was pouring out its tenants; all were bound to the holy fane, whose lofty spire was to be seen peeping from amidst the trees. Constance and Basil tripped lightly on the green sward, each with a book under the arm, and beguiling the time with blameless chat. As they moved forwards, Alfred, a worthless youth, passed them; instead of a book, he bore a hoop in his hand: his dress was shabby, and his look mean. "Basil," said Constance, "do not notice that idler; he may do you some harm, but he will not let you do him any good,"—"Nonsense, my girl," cried Basil, "he cannot, shall not lead me astray."—"Do

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Mistrust Yourself.

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not be too sure," said Constance. "You shall see," was the answer. "Good morrow, Alfred."—"The good day to you," said Alfred. "Whither so fast, this fine May morning? To church, I warrant! And my pretty Constance too!" Constance turned away, and walked off to a short distance, then stopped to wait for Basil. But Basil was deep in converse with the new comer, trying, as she thought, to coax him to the church; but, at the end of a few minutes, Alfred drew him from the path, and led him off to join some sports. Poor Constance wept, and went alone to church; and, when there, prayed for her dear Basil. At night he came home, with a broken head, and an empty purse. "Ah! Basil, dear, where have you been?"—"To no good, Constance, you may be sure, when Alfred led the way. My dear girl, what a fool I was to rely

on my own strength, and put myself in the power of the artful and the wicked!" And Basil was very wretched, and blamed his own folly and conceit. Constance sought to console him, and spoke kindly to him thus: "Basil, the past is gone for ever; we cannot call it back; but, we can take care, that it shall not happen again. You must never more depend too much upon yourself; for, you see, you can be tempted to do wrong, even when you know it is wrong; now, if, in future, you avoid Alfred, and mistrust yourself, you will be all the better for what you have felt today. Thus good can be drawn from evil." Basil kissed her, and told her that her advice was very good, and he would follow it; "and your smile, Constance, shall draw me to virtue and to peace."

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The Evening Duty.

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THE EVENING DUTY.

"How happy we have been all this day!" cried Edith to Clare; "so healthy, so busy, so merry! How hungry we were for our nice breakfast of milk and bread, and for all our meals! What a charming walk we had with uncle! And, to-night, what merry tales he told us! How happy we have been to-day!" Now Clare was the eldest, and was a very nice girl; and when her sister was silent, she began her account of the day. "We have indeed been two merry damsels since rising morn to latest eve! Our lessons passed the time charmingly; and that new song I learnt is, I think, the sweetest I ever heard: and how you were pleased with that pretty drawing which mamma

said you did so well. But, Edith, I think our greatest pleasure, to-day, was taking the broth, and clothes, to that poor widow."—" Yes, that to be sure was one of our best jobs, and I had not forgot it; nor, dearest Clare, have I forgot the little girl, who gave her only sixpence to the widow's sickly baby." Clare blushed, for it was she who had given the sixpence. " I am thinking," said she, " for people who have been so lucky all the day as we have been, there is one duty above all others to perform." " I know what you mean, Clare," said Edith; " we ought to offer our thanks to the great God, who has blessed us through the day; and we will do so, my dear sister."—" Yes, Edith," said Clare, " and we will make a rule, that during the time we are in our chamber, curling our hair, and taking off our clothes, we will always talk of the pleasures of the past day,

so that our hearts may be full of thankful feelings."—"True, dear girl, and we will not only talk of the good we have had, but of the evil we have been saved from. This day we have been free from all pain of body or of mind. This day we have tasted many delights." Their little bosoms glowing with grateful feelings, the two fond sisters knelt down by their bedside, and poured out their hearts in praise and prayer. It was a touching sight to behold them thus kneeling, and in low accents breathing forth their artless praises, their hands clasped, their cheeks flushed, their eyes turned to heaven. All was still around them; and it was cheering to think that the low murmurs of these feeble children were wafted to our Father in heaven.

THE JOYS OF SELF-WILL.

"THERE is no joy in life, but in doing just what one pleases," said Conrad. "I don't think so," was the wise answer of his friend Albert. "We shall see," said Conrad. "Now, here is a bitter cold morning; so, as I do not like to be cold, I shall not stir out of the house, but have a fine roaring fire all day, and some clever witty book to amuse me." Saying this, Conrad slipt on a loose but warm dressing gown, poked up the fire, and hung his hat and stick upon the peg behind him. "No cold walking in the mire, no plague of dressing, for me! Here I am snug, and sure of being well and free from aches and ailments." Albert laughed to see him so selfish,

and so foolish, and left him. Young Albert was active, and willing to serve and oblige; so, when he quitted his churlish friend, he walked to see his sick uncle, and to carry him some game he had killed very early in the morning. His uncle was much cheered by his visit and his chat; and whilst he was with him, he wrote some letters for him, and did many other odd jobs. They dined upon the game, and his uncle said, the pheasant Albert brought was the first meat he had tasted for a long while. After dinner, Albert, leaving his uncle better for his visit, went to his father's farm, to give some orders, and took home good accounts of all that was going on there. He then went into his own chamber, and had two hours of close reading, of a book his father wished him to study. By this time, tea was ready, and his mother and the little ones were always glad

when Albert joined the tea table, he was so merry, and so handy, and so funny. When tea was over, he took a lesson upon the flute, and, with the help of his master, they had some good music. At nine at night, Albert jumped up and said, "I will just run down the street and peep at my *happy* friend, Conrad." When he reached his room, the door was locked; so he peeped in at the key hole, and there he saw the *happy* Conrad in a fit of rage and shame. His book had been dashed on the floor, and there it lay; a cup and a bottle, as of physic, stood on the table near him, and he was holding his head, as if it ached very much. The servants said Conrad had been cold all day for want of exercise, and he had been sick for want of air. "Poor fellow!" cried Albert. "So much for the joys of the selfish and the idle!"

THE WINTER EVENING.

The night was dark and stormy, the wind howled among the trees, and the rain beat on the casements. Phœbe and Mabel were alone; their parents had been called to a sick friend at the next town, and they did not expect to return till morning. At first, the poor girls felt sad and lonely, and looked upon each other with mournful eyes; both sighed, and both were silent. At length, after a long pause, Phœbe roused herself, and said to her sister, "Really, Mabel, you and I are a couple of silly girls. Here we are in a warm room, with a blazing fire, and a cheerful light, and yet we are mournful. What for, I wonder? Because we are idle: come sister, come to the

table and the candle and let us employ ourselves." As Phœbe spoke these words, she drew her sister to the table; and Mabel was glad to follow her, and to find something to do. It was not long before both were busy: Phœbe was netting a purse, and Mabel had a drawing to finish, and both chatted away all the time, so blithely! They talked of what they had seen and heard, of what they had done, and what they would do; of what they had read of in books, and of what they had met with in their walks. "This chat makes us recal many thoughts," said Mabel. "Indeed it does," said Phœbe; "and papa says there is no better way of fixing knowledge in the mind, than by talking about it to a dear friend such as you are to me, Mabel."—"And mamma tells me," added Mabel, "that it is no bad plan, when one is alone, as when one is

in bed for instance, to think over any knowledge one has gained during the day."—"That I know is true," said Phœbe; "for, last night, I thought over the names of the English kings, from the Conquest to the present time; and it was quite a pleasant puzzle for my mind, to arrange them in their proper places."—"And now," said Mabel, "just now that we talked of the meaning of some hard words, as *Island, land with water all around it,* and other such terms, how our chat fixed the sense in our minds!"

As thus they prattled, the clock struck nine, and the girls owned that the time had passed very quickly, and that they had been merry though the storm raged and the rain fell; so they went to bed, in peace with themselves, and in good humour with all around them.

PART V.

FAITHFUL FIDO.

Frank and his little dog Fido were the admiration of all the hamlet. Wherever Frank was seen, Fido was sure to be found by his side; and wherever Fido appeared, Frank was sure to follow.

They took long walks together, over moor and mountain, through woods and lanes; and each was considered the guardian of the other.

Now Frank was a very little fellow; delicate and tender, but brave, and fond of rambling. When he was absent from home, his parents, however, never feared for his

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Faithful Fido.

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safety, if Fido was known to be with him. One fine day, the two friends had wandered farther than usual—they had chosen the fine sands on the sea-shore, and went on, and on, and on; Frank picking up shells and weeds, or flinging pebbles into the foamy waves.

At last, Frank was tired; and, no doubt, Fido was tired too; so, both sat down amid the rocks, and both fell asleep. They slept long, forgetful of times and tides, till the waves began rapidly to close around them.

It was pretty to see these young slumberers. Frank with his red cheek on Fido's nose, and his little arm round Fido's neck—and no one was near—no noise was heard but that of the approaching waves.

They came nearer, nearer, threatening to overflow the sleepers; and all help far distant! Mother making dumplings for Frank's dinner,

and Sister Fanny watching the hour of his return! Alas! would either see him again? The water is close upon them; it meets the extended feet of Fido.—Happy chance!—The cold water awakens the dog—he starts up—barks—and his little master is at once on his feet. I said, Frank was a brave boy—his heart did not fail him. He shouted aloud, and sent his voice up the cliff. His gentle voice was outsounded by the rushing sea; but Fido, imitating his master, or understanding his peril, barked at the utmost pitch of his voice. Shrill, and prolonged, and repeated—the bark was heard—men saw them from the cliffs—men hastened to their aid,—and little Frank was saved, and saved by Fido.

ETHEL AND PATTY.

ETHEL and Patty were neatly dressed, to take their morning walk; but, hearing their Aunt had called to say, she would let them go with her, in her coach, to see grandpapa, they ran down stairs in such a hurry, that they fell, and both tore their frocks.

What a sad disaster! Their Aunt kindly said, she would wait a little; but the poor girls were in sad distress. They went slowly and sorrowfully up stairs, to mend their tattered dresses. "To have no other frocks clean, this day of all the year," cried Ethel sullenly. —"But, sister, see how easily the rents can be mended," said Patty, setting herself to work.— "A pretty business, to be sure, after stitching

all the morning; just when all the nasty work was done, to have more to do," said Ethel. —" Oh! so very little! Look, Ethel, it is a mere trifle," exclaimed Patty.—" Yours may be; but mine—" said Ethel. " Yours is less than mine; only measure, sister."

" I shall do no such thing."—" Then stitch away, as I am stitching," cried Patty, smiling, and working with all her might." Ethel slowly stretched out the rent. " It is nonsense to begin," said she; " this horrid hole could never be finished."—" Certainly not, if never begun, sister."—" Do not be pert, Patty. I do not believe even your skilful ladyship will be ready; for I hear some one coming up stairs. I dare say Aunt is sending for us."—" I shall stitch on to the very last moment," said Patty; " and though moments do make themselves wings, and fly away, just when we want them

most to stay, mine shall carry some stitches with them, I am determined ;" and she worked perseveringly.

The step passed the door. " A reprieve," cried Patty. Ethel began looking for needle, thread and thimble; then listened to hear if any one was coming to them—then looked out of the window, to see if her Aunt's carriage were still there—then thought it was too late to begin—and then began. Patty's busy, unstopping fingers had finished her task. " And now, Ethel, I am ready to help you." —" Two cannot work at once."—" Then let me work." Patty's kindness could not avail. Mamma came up, and sent down the one who was ready. Ethel blamed her fortune. Silly child! She had better have blamed herself!

THE LITTLE BEGGAR.

"MAMMA, do pray be so very good as to give me a pair of fine, open-worked, silk stockings."—"A modest request, Julia, for a little girl not higher than the table. And might I presume to ask for what use you want these showy articles?"—"Use! For wearing, to be sure, Mamma."—"Wearing! For you, Julia! For such a minikin as you!"—"All my playfellows have them, Mamma."—"A notable reason, certainly, why you should have them."—"Yes! Miss Montague, Lady Jane Hill, and Miss Carter."—"All the children of richer parents than yours."—"That makes no difference."—"Your pardon, little

girl; that makes all the difference."—"How, Mamma!"—"Because, my love, all things should be done in character. If you wear fine stockings, you must have fine shoes; and then a carriage is indispensable."—"Now, Mamma, you are laughing at me. I, who am so stout, and can walk so well."—"In thin stockings and thin shoes, Julia?"—Julia pondered—her mother continued: "With these smart shoes and stockings, a smart frock is necessary, and a sash, and a rich lace, and ear-rings, and a fan, and——"—"Oh! stop, stop, dear Mamma!" exclaimed Julia, laughing, "I see, I understand. What a very silly child I am!"—"No, my dear Julia, you *are* not silly, you only *was* so. Young creatures, like you, must often form foolish wishes, and make absurd requests; however, you shew your sense, in being convinced of your error."

—"Thank you, Mamma, for excusing me." Julia said this very soberly, and seemed thinking. "And what are you so grave about?" asked her mother.—"Why, I had another begging favour—but now—"—"Speak fearlessly, my child."—"I did so want a little money for poor old sick Kitty!"—"Take it, my dear girl. It is to give you and myself the means of bestowing money in charity, that I am loth to spend it in dress."—"Oh! Mamma, Mamma, how I thank you! Oh! this is better than a thousand stockings! Lucky beggar that I am!"

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The Young Friends.

Published May 1 1831 by J. Harris St.ᵗ Pauls Church Yard

THE YOUNG FRIENDS.

CLARE and Constance were born in the same village, and brought up together. Their parents were near neighbours, and they went to the same school. In summer, they sat beneath the same tree, conning their lessons; and in winter, they sat on the same bench, working or knitting. Constance preferred using Clare's scissors, and Clare had a secret pleasure in taking thread from the cotton-box of Constance.

I gave Clare a charming spring nosegay, and her little fingers were instantly busy in making two nosegays of it, and the best of every flower was in Constance's share.

My wife picked a basket of cherries for

Constance. Constance smiled and curtsied, and was thankful, but did not eat the fruit. "Why is this, Constance?" said my wife, "the cherries are not sour."—"Perhaps not," said I, "but Constance would think them sweeter if shared with her friend;" and away sprang the little maiden to seek Clare, and eat with her the hoarded cherries.

It was a bleak stormy autumn day, Clare could not be found—Constance too was missing—Where could they be?

We searched the gardens, the village lanes, the fields; nothing could be discovered of them. They were not used to wander. Every body became anxious. I joined in the search, and bent my way towards a neighbouring wood. The villagers were sure the little girls were not there. "Well," said I, "no matter; having tried all probable places, it is wise

to try the improbable." I hastened on; the evening was closing, the wind blowing, and the rain beginning to fall. I could scarcely discern objects. At last, I saw something white: it approached, and, behold, the two lost girls, Clare carrying Constance."

"How is this," cried I. "Ah!" said the panting Clare, "how glad I am to see you, Sir. Poor Constance fell, and hurt her ankle; —sprained it, I believe;—and so we could move but slowly."—"You could have come more quickly."—"How! And left Constance?"—"Child! you might have both perished."—"We should have been together," answered Clare with a quiet smile.

THE LITTLE DAUGHTER.

The snow had fallen very deep. In the valleys, it had drifted into vast heaps; and one poor little cottage was so covered, that it looked more like a mound than a dwelling; nor door, nor window, nor even wall, could be seen,—all was one pile of cold, shining, white snow.

A sick widow and her little girl lived in this cot; far away from neighbour or hamlet: but they lived there because it was cheap, and the poor widow had no money but what her feeble hands earned.

Jessy was too young to work, yet she was a marvellous help to her mother; and the pale faced woman said, she did not believe she

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Cottage in the Snow.

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could live at all but for her child's services. She was so quick, and neat, and handy; and then she was always merry, and her gay voice sounded like music; and then she was always dutiful, doing instantly whatever she was bid: and tender, often running up to kiss her mother, stroke her cheek, and press her hand. The poor woman was quite sure, Jessy kept her alive.

When the snow fell around so thick, of course no daylight could enter the cottage; and Jessy wondered much at the strangely continued darkness. Her mother guessed what had happened, and knew not what to do. Her feeble hands could not remove the heavy snow. What little she could remove, seemed not to benefit them, for no light was let in, and no path made out.

Two, three, many days passed; the small

hoard of bread and potatoes was consumed, and the candles too. Happily, there was a tolerable provision of wood, and they contrived to keep up fire for warmth and light, but it was a melancholy light, fitful and uncertain.

"I would not care, were it not for you, my child!" said the widow, with tears in her eyes. "Ah! mamma! I am sure I should not care but for you," said Jessy, smiling, and kissing her mother.

A sportsman, going that way to shoot woodcocks, was surprised to see a tiny curl of smoke issue from the mound of snow. He was not one to wonder and pass by; he stopped and considered. The fact darted on his mind. "Alas! there must be human beings here, perhaps perishing." His strong arms soon made a way into the cottage. What a sight did he see on his entrance! Little Jessy

nestled into the bosom of her mother, and both looking as if asleep! It would have been the sleep of death, but for this providential rescue. The sportsman had food and wine in his wallet; and Jessy was soon laughing,—and her mother soon weeping,—safe and alive in his arms!

MONEY.

"WHAT can I do with all this money?" said little Andrew, looking at a shilling his papa had given him. "I never had so much before: it will buy such lots of good things;" and the apparitions of apples, nuts, and gingerbread, flitted before him. No, all these were unworthy the mighty sum;—he must decide on

some more important purchase:—so, putting the glittering coin into his pocket, he sallied forth, proud and happy.

Andrew was a very little fellow, but he could reflect and judge; and, scorning all indulgence of appetite, he resolved to buy some handsome useful article. A knife, or a whip.—Lost in consideration of the great question of which of these he should make himself master, he was pacing soberly along, when his eyes were drawn to a little squabble in the street. A rude cross boy was teazing a pale sickly girl; she was carrying a dish full of fine rosy apples, and he was trying to get one from her.

Andrew called out to him to let the child alone. The boy continued his struggles; and, big as the boy was, little Andrew would have attacked him; but, just as he reached the spot, the boy ran away, having first con-

trived to knock the dish out of the poor girl's hands.

Andrew held up his little threatening fist to the great rude coward, and then hastened to help to pick up the apples. This was soon done; but the dish—it was broken into a hundred pieces!

The poor child cried: "My mammy! Oh my mammy!"—"She will beat you?" said Andrew. "No, no, she never beats me—never; but the dish—it was dame Carter's—she lent it us, for me to carry these apples to our good Curate's—and now it is broken! What shall I do?—What shall I do?"—"Do not cry so, I don't like it," said Andrew, wiping his eyes.

"These apples were all we had this year in our garden," said the sobbing child; "and the Curate liked them: and he was so good to father, before he died, that poor mammy was

quite happy to send them to him; and now—what will she say? What will she do"—? "Come, come, do not cry; but let us see what can be done. This dish cost a great deal of money."—"Oh! yes, Sir, a great deal,—we never had such an one of our own; for we are poor, very poor!"

Andrew thought for a minute, and then said—"Come along!" He walked briskly forward; the girl followed, with the apples in her apron. They passed a shop window full of whips and knives. Andrew smiled proudly, and passed on. They came to a shop where dishes were sold. One hung at the window, the very picture of the one broken. Andrew feared the price would be beyond his means. It was marked a shilling. Without saying one word, he gave his shilling to the shopkeeper, the dish to the little girl, and ran off.

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

"I AM resolved to be happy this day," said young Matthew. "It is a holiday. My lessons for to-morrow are all ready; so I have nothing to do but please myself; and happy I will be."—"Who can be happy such a day as this?" replied Frederick. "What is the matter with the day?"—"You stupid fellow! Can't you see? It is going to rain."—"I see clouds; but clouds are not certain signs of rain; so, till the drops begin to fall, I shall to the field, and fly my kite."

Away went Matthew and his kite. Frederick staid in the house; but, after an hour's sullen murmuring, he followed his brother into the field. Matthew had had a long and joyous

sport; and his kite was up, almost out of sight.

Frederick, vexed at the time he had lost, began impatiently to prepare for sport. In his hurry, he entangled the line: fretted at the delay, he cut and slashed away all impediments with his knife. The string, in pieces, was disentangled—the kite rose, but had not length of cord to rise high. Frederick fastened on fresh pieces: one of the knots gave way; and the wind bore away the kite, never to return. Frederick abused kites, strings, and weather; and was recalled to patience by a cooling shower.

"Ah!" cried he exultingly, "I told you it would rain."—"But I have had two hours' good fun before it came," said Matthew, drawing in his kite.

The boys ran home. "Now for home

amusement!" exclaimed Matthew. "Fred, will you play at chess with me?"—"No, I hate chess."—"Draughts then?"—"Worse and worse—I detest draughts."—"What say you to shuttlecock?"—"You are sure to name something I dislike."—"Well, then, as I like every thing—I mean almost every thing—choose for yourself."—"Oh! I like cards."—"In the morning?"—"Ha, ha! master boaster! Just now, you said, you liked every thing!"—"So I do—I like cards very well: but, you know, mamma does not approve of our playing cards, especially in the morning."—"I know you are precise, Master Matthew."—"Oh! I 'll play cards."—"For how much?"—"For money, brother?"—"To be sure; who cares for cards else?"—"Well, have your way." Frederick played and lost—threw the cards into the fire, and vowed there was no fair dealing.

Matthew only said, "I played fair, and that's all I have to do with the affair." The rain continued; so he took up a book. After it became dark, he amused himself with his flute. More than that, he amused with it his little sister. She liked the merry tunes; and she sang, and danced, and was so gay! "You are a precious blockhead," said Frederick, "playing to please that silly baby."—"I please myself in pleasing her," said Matthew; and the smiling child put up her little mouth to "kiss thanks," as she expressed it.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

"Flowers! Fine flowers!" cried Barbara. "Who will buy my beautiful flowers?"—"What

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The Flower Girl.

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sorts have you got in your basket?" demanded Caroline. "Violets, Miss—sweet-scented purple violets—and primroses, fresh and fragrant primroses—and wood sorrel—see, Miss, what lovely leaves!—and anemones—and—"—"Pshaw! all nasty wild flowers!" exclaimed Caroline, tossing her head with disdain. The flower girl was astonished; and, instead of going on with her speech, put aside a bunch of charming cowslips she was about to exhibit.

"Wild flowers! I love wild flowers!" said a rosy girl, eagerly approaching Barbara: "and these violets! Ah! the dew is yet upon them."—"What can you see to admire in these wild blossoms?" inquired Caroline with a look of ineffable disdain. "Why, my dear Carry, what can be more beautiful?"—"Garden flowers, to be sure. Is there any thing here equal to our sweet graceful snowy lily

of the valley ?"—" Some people prefer violets; I own I love the lily. But Carry, dear, the lily is wild, you know, in some countries."—" Nonsense, nonsense! Wild, indeed! that tender and delicate flower? You are wild to say so."—" My dear child! all I know is, that when we were travelling on the banks of the Rhine, our servants used to gather us such large and lovely nosegays of lilies from the rocks and hedges." Caroline was silenced.—Her chattering friend continued. " In fact, Carry, dear, all flowers must grow wild, that is, naturally, somewhere, or how should we obtain them? There were not hot-houses and gardeners always, you know;" and she smiled archly. " But art produces varieties, endless varieties."—" True, my dear; but the change is not always for the better. Now, the large lovely wild lily of the Rhine is as superior to

our delicate cultivated flower—" "Oh! my dear, don't make me sick, about these nasty flowers."

Caroline was not a person to be convinced; so her friend turned to the flower girl. "You sell these flowers?"—"Yes, my good young lady, because we are a large family, and every little helps, you know; and I am not old enough to work."—"And what will you do with the money?"—"Give it all to mammy, to be sure."—"Then come to this house, and my mammy will buy them," said the young girl, laughing.

THE OLD WOODCUTTER.

Old Jarvis was very fond of his youngest grandson Hubert; and the villagers said he was quite, out and out, spoiling the boy.

"By making him love me?" said Jarvis.

"What will his love do for you?" inquired they. "It will do me no harm, at least," answered Jarvis; "and, at eighty, it is something to be loved, even by a grandson."

Neighbours laughed,—Jarvis did not change his course, and truly did he say Hubert loved him. The old man's goodness and cheerfulness and affection worked upon his young heart, and, next to his parents, the grateful child loved his aged grandfather.

The old man, though grey headed and feeble,

continued to work at his old avocation as a woodcutter, and Hubert generally accompanied him to the forest, and played about him as he worked. He was but six years old; too young to labour himself.

One fine summer morning, grandfather and grandson went, as usual, to cut faggots; and the time passed charmingly. Hubert collected the sticks to form the faggots, and thought himself mighty useful in doing so.

Suddenly, the clouds gathered, the thunder growled, and the rain fell. The old man knew the danger of being amidst trees during lightning; therefore, calling his grandson to him, he hastened to quit the wood.

They walked as quickly as they could, when they were stopped by a strange sight: a whole noble tree in flames! The lightning had struck it, and, burning rapidly, it cracked

and fell. Jarvis saw it was about to fall, and, turning aside, sought to save the child.

The child was saved, but the old man was struck down by one of the flaming branches. Poor Hubert! he knew not what to do; but the blazing brand still lay upon the poor old man.

At the price of burning both hands, the brave boy dragged aside the burning bough. His aged grandfather arose but little hurt by the shock. "My bold little fellow!" said he; "you have burnt your hands very badly, I am afraid."—"Never mind that, grandfather,—never do you mind that: I have—thank God for it—saved your head!"

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

"WHAT a mortification! What a vexation! Nobody, surely, in the whole world is so plagued as I am!"—"My dear sister, my dear Bell, what has happened?"—"My white satin shoes are not come,—it is six o'clock, and I must begin presently to dress for the ball." Annie could not resist smiling at the smallness of the mighty calamity; but, never happy when her sister was otherwise, she hastened to soften matters. "You only suffer neighbours' fare, Bell; for I am also disappointed of my dashing shoes."—"Oh! but you don't care for these things."—"I don't care to make myself miserable for such trifles, certainly."—"Trifles! No trifles, I think—one

can't dance without shoes."—"But you have others, sister,—your black satin."—"One can't be always wearing black satin shoes."—"Then those lovely grey slippers, which mamma gave you."—"Quite out of fashion, child—obsolete—old as my grandmother."—"Ha! ha! Then grandmamma is a very young old woman; for, if I recollect rightly, those slippers were given you three weeks ago."—"You are a most accurate person, Annie."—"Nay, I cannot fail to remember the day; it was your birthday, dearest Isabel."—"And a miserable day it was."—"Oh! sister!" exclaimed Annie. "Yes, miserable! the dance went off very badly; and the supper was a shame to be seen."—"And poor mamma took such trouble about it! I thought nothing could be better."—"You! Oh! you are contented with any thing."—"And is not that wise,

Isabel?" — "Yes; but persons of feeling, of sensibility, are more alive to what is disagreeable."—"The greater feeling must make one also more alive to what is agreeable."

The sight of the shoes stopped the conversation: but there was only one pair. "Not mine, I am sure; I am never so lucky!" said Bell. But they were her's; and Annie pronounced them the sweetest pair that ever were seen.—"Yours are not come, Miss," said the maid.—"Never mind, never mind," cried Annie; "my black shoes will do very well."

The sisters went to the ball: Annie all mirth and good humour; Isabel with the stately dignity of a young lady who expects to be considered the best dressed damsel at the ball: but there were a hundred others thought the same, and had as good a right to think so. Isabel was not exclusive, was not immensely

distinguished, and she pronounced the ball detestable. "I do believe these nasty shoes spoilt my dancing. New shoes are always so uncomfortable; and my partners were always admiring your shoes, Annie; always teazing me to be introduced to the charming girl in black shoes."

GIFTS.

CALEB received the present of a handsome gun from his wealthy godfather. "How happy rich people are!" said his young friend Edward. "Many and many a time, dear Caleb, have I wished to give you a gun, knowing how much you longed for one. But, poor dog as I am, I had not the means."—"And was your

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Gifts; or the New & Old Guns.

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wishing to do it, and the motive of your wish, worth nothing?" said Caleb, kindly: "Why, my dear fellow, you are a poor accountant, if you cannot discover, that the love which urges to a gift, is, at least, worth the gift itself."—"But it is pleasant to have the power of evincing our affection."—"Very pleasant; and I should think your case hard indeed, if rich gifts were the only mode by which love could be shewn," replied Caleb. "Name some other mode," said Edward. "That will I, and easily," answered Caleb: "can you give me any present more valuable than your time, your advice, your assistance? When I was ill, how many days and nights did you not bestow on my sick chamber! When I was in disgrace with my father, how much did not your counsel and aid promote my restoration to favour! Dear Ned, do not fall into the too common

error, that money constitutes the sole wealth of mortals."

The friends went out with their dogs and their guns.—The new piece was to be proved.—It looked in excellent order.—Caleb waited for a capital shot, to try its merits.—The game was scarce; and the dogs were long in raising it. Over stubble, and through wood, and brook, and brier, the party passed. Edward, something in advance, had the first chance of a shot. He fired his old double-barrelled gun, and brought down a couple of fine young birds.

"The next chance be yours," cried he, gaily stepping behind Caleb. Caleb prepared to perform wonders. "My worthy godfather must have *all* my first shot brings down," said he, proudly; as if his first shot must certainly bring down half a dozen birds at least.

There was a pause.—The dogs pointed—a ring pheasant rose majestically—Caleb fired—the gun had some internal defect, and burst in the firing. A moment of delay in the discharge—a delay that shewed something was wrong, sufficed for the wary and quick eye of friendship.

Edward, with an instant powerful thrust, forced the piece from his friend before it burst, and the gun was shattered as it lay on the ground. "See, Edward," said Caleb triumphantly, "the single touch of your hand has saved a life, which this splendid gift had endangered."

CHARITABLE INDUSTRY.

It was a winter's night — but the fire blazed cheerfully in the Rectory parlour. Four little girls were seated, round a table, working, with their mother spinning at their side.

"The hum of that wheel is quite musical this evening!" exclaimed Emily, one of the merry little party. "And to me," said Mary, "it seems as if the fire burnt more bright than usual."—"I was just going to say," cried Helen, "that our candles were certainly superior to those we had last night."—"I suppose it is all these pleasant circumstances together," interposed Lucy, "that makes me feel more comfortable than I ever before felt." The attentive mother smiled; and, stopping her

busy wheel, said: "My dear children, I readily believe you all feel more than usually happy this evening. But, begging pardon of all your wise heads, I do not think the excellence of the fire, the goodness of the candles, the charm of my humming wheel, or even the united merits of all these, produce your present content."—"What then, dear mother?"—"Your employment, my children."

The whole party paused, and reflected. The table was covered with shreds and patches—silk—ribbons—calico—muslin. The girls were making bags, pincushions, needle-cases, and other trifles. Their worthy old neighbour, Dolly, was too ill to work; and they were too poor to give her as much money as she needed: so they employed their leisure in making such articles as she could readily sell in the village. The things were so neatly made,

and so cheaply rated, that old Dolly sold them as fast as she obtained them.

After a short silence, the whole party assented to the truth of their mother's remark. "Yes!" cried they, "it is very true! Our employment gives a charm to all about us; for we think we are doing good."—"And thus it is, my dear children," said the tender mother, "that we ourselves are the sources of our own content, and, in many cases, of our own happiness."

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The Lottery Ticket.

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PART VI.

PAUL AND CLEMENT.

"THIS is a sad melancholy letter, from our poor mother," said Paul, looking mournfully on his brother. "It is indeed, Clement; and our dear Fanny—" "Is doomed to be unfortunate, like all the rest of us."—"Do not say so: it is ungrateful to say that, brother. My mother has a decent competency."—"Call it rather a bare competency," interposed Clement. "And you and I, Clement; are we not very fortunate, in holding situations that keep us in honest independence?" Clement laughed, shrugged up his shoulders, and, somewhat saucily, repeated the words, "Honest inde-

pendence!"—"Nay," persisted Paul, "I am right; it is, as I assert: whilst we do our duty, we are sure to retain our places; and the pay, thus honourably earned, secures our subsistence."—"You are an excellent fellow, Paul; and I wish I were half as good," said Clement; "but, really, when I every day see so many richer than we are—" "You think of how many are poorer," slyly exclaimed Paul.—"Not exactly that—not exactly that—brother," said Clement, laughing; "but you are a capital hand for ingenious inferences and conclusions; and 'faith you shall have it all your own way. For this I know, your mode of talking,—I beg pardon, of reasoning,—keeps my mind more quiet,—I might say, more cheerful,—than any plan of my own; and so your servant, brother Paul."

During this speech, Paul had again taken

up the letter, and his brother begged him to read aloud the passage relating to their sister; which he did in these words.

"You will be sorry to hear, my dear boys, that Fanny's marriage is again delayed. Indeed, I begin now to fear, it will never take place. Your friend, Pelham, is an excellent young man, and every way deserving of her; but, disappointed in his prospects of an establishment, he knows not what to do. Certainly, he would never wish, nor could I ever consent to their union, until some rational prospect of subsistence were adopted. My small pension barely supplies our passing wants: it dies with me,—I have nothing to give—nothing to leave, but my blessing; and there is little Kitty also to be thought of; so, I fear, Fanny must give up all hopes of marriage,—at least, for many years."

Paul put down the letter, and sighed. Clement started up, and exclaimed, "Why am I not rich? Why am I not a man of fortune?" —"How many daily utter that same wish!" said Paul: "all cannot be wealthy."—"If I had but a thousand pounds!" cried Clement, impatiently pacing the room. "Two hundred would suffice," said Paul, "if you are thinking only of Fanny."—"Certainly, of whom, or of what else should I be thinking?" —"Well, then—here, in a postscript"— "The best part of a lady's letter," interposed Clement. "Here, my mother says, that Frank Pelham might form a very advantageous engagement, could he but command two hundred pounds."—"I will go beg, borrow, or steal, the sum!" cried Clement. "Better go earn it!" said Paul. "Pshaw, don't talk of impossibilities?"—"Improbable, difficult,

not impossible, brother."—" Yes, yes! quite impossible."—" By no means."—" Oh! then quickly, very quickly; dear Paul, instruct me, teach me, how to earn this precious sum!"

Paul smiled at his brother's eagerness; and then said, with a tone of deep feeling, " All our time is not occupied: some trifle could be gained by the employment of our leisure." — " Trifle, indeed!" — " However small, still it would be something."—" Nothing!"—"Nay, now, Clement, you do not speak with your usual good calculation. Something cannot be nothing."—" Yes, nothing!—I persist in it; nothing, as compared to what is needed."—" Your pardon, brother; in our circumstances, every guinea has its value."—" But the whole, the best, of our time is fully occupied."—" The best, but not the whole of it; our evenings for instance."—" Evenings of

some three or four hours; and we harassed by our day's labour, wearied and half asleep!"—"Oh! but the hope of doing good would keep us awake, wide awake!"—"Oh! ridiculous! I shall think of nothing so silly!"—"Well then, what say you to trying to save a little?"—"Trying—accurately spoken, brother of mine—you may try; but to save—and out of a handsome income of one hundred and forty pounds a year!—Oh! rare device!"

Clement laughed aloud; Paul laughed too, but avowed his intention of trying to earn, and trying to save. His brother ridiculed what he termed his preposterous folly, and gave himself up to gayer fancies.

"If somebody would die, and leave me a handsome legacy!"—"We have not a rich friend or relative in the world."—"Oh! but some rich stranger! Such things have been:

—why, pray, might it not happen to me?"—"I am sure I don't know," said Paul quietly. "And then Fanny, dear Fanny.—Heigho! for wedding favours! All should be right then."—"But now—" said Paul. "Now!—ay—that's the evil—now—I can do nothing."—"You mean, now you must do something, since fortune seems not likely to do aught for you." The brothers paused, and pondered. Clement suddenly started up: "I have it!—I have it!—I know what must be done!—I have saved a little money—I will go and buy a lottery ticket."—"Clement, my dear Clement, do nothing so unwise!" said Paul earnestly, as he saw his brother prepare to go out. "Stay me not, Paul!" exclaimed Clement vehemently, "unless you can suggest wiser means."—"Any measure were wiser."—"I think not so. Let go my arm."—"Brother, hear me but a mo-

ment."—"I have been listening to you this hour, good Paul," cried Clement, rushing forwards. "But what I would urge, was my father's dying exhortation." Clement stood still, and looked attentive. Paul continued: "Do you not remember, as we watched him, during the last cruel night—do you not remember, he said, "Boys, depend upon your own exertions; harass not yourselves with chances of fortune; nor rely on help from others."—"Yes, I remember those words! I remember, too, he bade us succour our mother and sisters."—"See you not, the last command is involved in the first?"—"Say, rather, the last command supersedes every other."—"It does; and therefore would I counsel you to do that which shall best enable you to fulfil it."

Clement had a very warm heart, and a very clear head; but he had too often indulged

himself in yielding to the impulse of the moment, to allow of much self-command. He was too apt to act first, and reflect afterwards; and thus often prepared for himself many disappointments and vexations. The brothers were twins. There subsisted between them the similarity of persons and minds so frequent in those so related. Paul had equally quick feeling, and healthy judgment. The only perceptible difference was caused by his different mode of self-management. Aware of his impetuous temper, he had habituated himself to reflect before he acted.

Clement flew away to the Lottery office: Paul sat down to think. His cogitations were long; for, alas! it was too true, that his situation was humble, his power limited, his resources few; but he had health, he had ability, he had energy; his case was not hopeless; and

when Clement returned to the apartment, Paul had decided on his future plan of conduct.

The bounding step, the flushed cheek, and bright eye, with which Clement entered, shewed his commission had been accomplished. The excitement was beyond pleasure, for it was agitation; and the doubt of how far he had done well, came across his gay anticipation, and somewhat damped delight.

Paul was not one to give advice, when advice was too late; or to boast of having warned, when that warning had been neglected. He saw the ticket, or rather quarter ticket, for they were just then at an enormous premium, the high prizes all undrawn, and the quarter had cost ten pounds.

"The ten pounds—" "I had prepared for my mother's Christmas gift, even so Paul; but

now, perhaps, she will have ten hundred."—"Perhaps?"—"Oh! my dear Paul, do not so needlessly, so cruelly, damp my ardour!"—"I will not; you shall never again hear a word from me on the subject."—"Thank you, brother."—"But my mother must be prepared for the probable,—forgive me, Clement,—for the possible non-arrival of her usual Christmas-box:—for, if you cannot send yours, I certainly will not send mine."—"Generous Paul! You would spare me all mortifying comparisons."—"My dear Clement, we will both do the best we can; and I will tell you what are my projects: to reduce my expenditure as much as I can; and to seek more employment."—"Reduce your expenditure! My good brother, how is that to be done? Our present system is abundantly modest."—"But might be rendered more so."—"As how?"—"In a

cheaper quarter, I could obtain cheaper accommodation."—" We pay eighty pounds per annum here; little enough for food and lodgement."—" Yes, but here we have superfluities."—" Superfluities! In what may they consist?" exclaimed Clement, laughing immoderately.

Paul, nothing daunted, replied:—" We have too good a table,—too good a chamber—and one meal too much."—" Speak for yourself, Paul—not one of these excesses do I feel."—" Well, then, I will speak for myself: I will seek a humbler dwelling, a humbler board, and do without our last meal."—" Without tea! Oh! you Goth! 'tis the pleasantest of our repasts. The bubbling urn, the blazing fire, the buttered toast, bright glances and sunny smiles. Oh! Paul! I cannot give up our cheerful tea parties."—" Pleasant, I grant

you; but not necessary: and just now, you know, we are cutting close."—" Close, with a vengeance, when you cut out our tea and toast! And how many pence does your honour calculate, these *shavings*,—I should say, *savings*, will save?"—" Pounds, I should think." —" Try, my good fellow,—by all means, try! For my part, I shall keep well here; follow the Italian motto—Sto bene, sto qui."—" You are making a sad blunder about that oft repeated epitaph."—" So I am: upon consideration, it is more likely to suit you; for, now I remember, it may be versioned thus:—" I was well—I desired to be better—and I am here," *alias*, in the church-yard—just where you will be, Paul, if you follow up this starving labouring system."—" I shall speak to my landlady, this very day."—" I do not envy you the scene—she will be terribly angry, and you

will look horridly sheepish."—"Angry she may be; but is her anger to prevent my doing what I ought to do?"—"Certainly not, valiant Signor! But, as I am a lover of peace and quietness, I beg to be excused seconding the motion."

The landlady was terribly angry. Paul was regular in his payments—orderly in his habits—gentlemanly in his manners. His merits drew upon him the good woman's ire; and, certainly, he had no pleasant scene with her. But, steady and resolved, her warmth "passed by him as the idle wind." He gave her all the dues of justice and courtesy—proper warning and civil demeanour; and then, though she continued to look offended, he paid her, and departed.

Clement, more governed by her violence than he cared to own, remained in her house;

and thus, for the first time in their lives, the brothers dwelt apart.

Paul's new abode was sufficiently homely. A chamber so small, that, by ingenious contrivance alone, could he store into it his few books, his desk, his clothes. Furniture, of the simplest description;—a bed, a table, a chair. A window looking upon roofs and chimneys; and a dark narrow staircase, creaking beneath his feet. What were the recommendations? Not cheapness only. No: Paul was not penny wise and pound foolish. He knew, a respectable abode, and respectable hosts, were necessary to his reputation. He principally chose his lodging, because the worthy couple keeping it, had long been known to his family.

Their better rooms were permanently occu-

pied; and the small apartment he now engaged, he had before deemed unfit. But his views were changed: he knew his good hostess would conscientiously help him to economize; and this being his great object, just then, he yielded up all personal indulgence for its attainment.

It was attained:—Paul was surprised at the difference of his expenditure. Excepting the tea, which he rigorously interdicted, he lived as well as ever he had done, and for two-thirds the expense. He laid his first month's charges before Clement. Clement only laughed at the petty reduction. "Oh yes! I see you save a few pounds."—"Few! more than twenty, Clement, in the year!"—"Well! and what is that? A mere trifle towards two hundred."—"Yet, something towards it."—"Yes; but nothing to what my ticket may bring me."—"*May* bring. Of *my* money I am assured."—"Well, well,

my good fellow! follow your own plan; I shall follow mine. We both aim at the same point, and we shall see who attains it."—"But, my dear Clement—"—"Now, Paul, don't begin preaching. I am as old and as fit as you to govern myself. I did not come here for a lecture: I merely called to ask, if you would go to the play to-night."—"To the play! You have silver tickets?"—"Yes, my boy! silver tickets; for my shillings will purchase them."—"And how can you be so extravagant?"—"I go very seldom—just into the pit—the expense is nothing—and Drury Lane is my delight."

Paul looked grave—Clement laughed, or rather tried to laugh; for his conscience was not quite at peace: it was therefore he had called, in hopes his brother, by accompanying him, would have sanctioned, and thereby pa-

cified his secret remorse. He went to the play: thought of his mother, and did not enjoy it: joined some gay associates, to drive away thought: adjourned with them to an oyster shop: spent more money than he cared to reckon, and returned home, tired, cross, and *minus* seven shillings.

This did not happen often; but it happened often enough to draw from Clement's purse some pounds in the course of the year. And then his dress:—the coat in which Paul could appear at the office, would not at all suit Clement in Drury Lane; so, one coat, at least, swelled his taylor's bill for his theatrical beauism. We will say nothing of gloves dirted, hats crushed, and umbrellas lost.

Paul sought in vain for extra employment. His evenings were so wholly and uninterrupt-

edly his own, that he could have effected much business. He intimated his wish to all who were likely to assist him.—No profitable occupation could be obtained. Clement, though sorry for his brother's disappointment, could not, or more properly speaking, would not resist taunting him with his false expectations. "Almost as bad as my prizes, hey! Paul."—"Not quite," answered Paul.—"Your time, however, has been equally wasted in delusive anticipation." —"Your pardon, Clement. My leisure has not been entirely unprofitable. I have studied book-keeping, and made myself master of the French language."—"And what good can this do you?"—"They can do me no harm. Knowledge of any kind can scarcely do harm; at least, my time has been spent innocently in their acquirement." Clement blushed, and

was silent. Play tickets — concert tickets — oyster shops — rose before his fancy; and he could not call his evenings innocently spent.

Three months elapsed, and Paul continued unsuccessful. But it is hardly possible, even in this disappointing life, for patient perseverance in well-doing, to pass utterly unregarded. Paul's regular and earnest attention to his duties—his meritorious desire for farther avocation — the motive for that desire; for he kept it no secret,—why should he?—all these circumstances worked together eventually for his good. A gentleman in his office — a government office— talked of wanting an amanuensis, and Paul was recommended to him. When the accommodation lay before him, it appeared (no rare occurrence) that the gentleman found out he could do without an amanuensis. It was said the tiny word *salary* had effected,

this magical change; and, certainly, of all the causes that work miracles in this miraculous world, not one is perhaps more pregnant of consequences than the meanest of them all—pounds, shillings, and pence.

The gentleman, however, talked glibly of his amanuensis; and how much the situation had been desired. "A young fellow—a gentlemanly young fellow—in the office, would have been mighty glad of it."—"And you engaged him?" observed one of his hearers.—"Why, no; I am so very particular. I cannot get exactly what I want."—"Talents, industry, integrity, and no pay!" whispered one who knew him well. The former respondent turned to the whisperer, and from him obtained an account so favourable to Paul, that he at once recommended him to an acquaintance of his, just then seeking additional aid. Paul was

cheered with the prospect, spoke of it in all the buoyant hilarity of youth, and called on the merchant with his letter of introduction. The merchant's partner had, the night before, engaged an assistant! "Teazing disappointment!" cried Paul. —"Like a blank in the lottery," archly observed Clement.—"No," said Paul: "for even the disappointment may lead to some favourable result."—"Teach patience! Very true, Paul."—"Even in that, do good; but what I meant, was, that benevolent persons, hearing of my wish and my disappointment, might be instructed how to serve me."—"This earth being so loaded with good men!"—"There is a fair sprinkling of them, among all classes."—"Of which I have had notable proof. Do not be angry, Paul; but I have been doing all in my power to borrow the two hundred pounds. Not a

farthing can I obtain."—"How should you, when you have no assurance of payment to offer!"—"But were it never paid,—to a rich man, the paltry sum!"—"Fair and softly, Clement! You talked of borrowing; and borrowing implies repaying."—"Ah! you are a quiz, dear Paul, and ever will be; so, good bye."

The merchant regretted the disappointment he had caused: he called upon Paul—saw him at his studies,—called again, when he was not at home, and heard traits of his character from his host and hostess. He became interested, exerted himself,—obtained an engagement;—and Paul, in the fourth month of his search, found himself installed in the desired avocation. The remuneration was not large, but it was not to be scorned; for eight months' close nightly study brought him in the sum of fifty pounds.

"Fifty pounds, and as much more the amount of my savings! — Half the desired sum! Ah! Fanny—ah! my dear mother!"

One twelvemonth had been passed in the laborious accumulation! But it was accumulated! How much sweeter for the toil and self-denial it had cost, let no one rashly measure. He who has tried and proved can *only* know.

Next came the happiness, the exquisite happiness, of presenting the money to the dear home circle. Paul was seated, lost in agreeable reasonings, when Clement rushed into the room. "A prize! A prize! Dear Paul, a prize!"—"Not before this?"—"Oh, I have bought and sold, and exchanged: I cannot tell you the long story: and now it is a prize."—"Of how much?"—"I know not. Talbot heard it announced a prize; but will not tell me the

amount. Come with me to the office ;—let us together hear the good news !"

They went to the office,—the ticket was a prize of — twenty pounds ! Clement burst into a fury of rage, and rushed forth, he knew not whither. Paul hastened to follow, and pacify him. This was no easy task. On the certain anticipation of a high prize, Clement had indulged himself in countless petty luxuries. Dress, — public amusements, — pleasures of the table. In a moment, he saw himself hopeless and pennyless. He abused lotteries, and prizes,— cursed his rash folly, and railed against all mankind. " I am the most unfortunate dog in the world !—Never successful, even in a virtuous design !" He paused not to consider if the means were as meritorious as the aim. " Not even to help my poor mother, my dear sister, am I fortunate ! Luck, I see,

goes by Fate,—I am not doomed to be lucky! Even this detestable five pounds, so miserably gained, I owe to my tailor!"—"Be thankful you have it for him!" said Paul. "The ticket might have been a blank."—"I wish it had — and then the thing would have been complete." Clement laughed bitterly.

By degrees, Paul succeeded in calming him; and, a few days afterwards, gently suggested what he had collected, and proposed that the money should be remitted in their joint names. —"No, no, no!" Clement would permit no such arrangement. "Accept thanks he had not earned,—impossible!"—"But, twins as we are, so alike in all points, the act of one is the act of the other," argued Paul. Clement shook his head. "Would that we were alike,—that we had been alike,—and then, instead of one hundred pounds, we should have had two, for

I could have saved, earned as much as you." —" Perhaps you might not have obtained a situation, as I luckily did," said Paul.—" Yes, I should: I should have got something, had I persevered as you did."—" Come, come!" said Paul; " there is no use in talking of the past, of what is quite beyond recal. Let us turn our minds to the future. Next year, you can pay me; so let me lend you fifty pounds now." —" Generous, ingenious brother!" cried Clement; " I should not be worthy of your liberal confidence, were I to accept it on such terms. No, Paul: this year, I suffer rightly by my folly; next year, I will deserve a better fate."

Paul tried, but in vain, to alter this resolution; so it was settled that he should himself take the money to his mother, and, in his own name and Clement's, promise the advance of another hundred pounds next year.

"In the mean while," said Clement, "I will commence my plan of operations; and when you return to town, dear Paul, you shall find me in your cheap house, toiling like a slave."

Paul's pleasure was much lessened by going home without his brother; but he felt that the trip might be painful to Clement, as every incident would remind him, that he *might* have served, but had not served, his family.

We will go with Paul to his mother's: it is pleasant to look upon happiness, especially when it has been earned by virtue.

It was a dark and stormy night, when Paul drove into the inn-yard of his native town. He jumped, however, lightly from his seat on the coach-box, and, seizing his umbrella in one hand, and his carpet bag in the other, he paced down the street. Nothing could be

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Paul & Clement.

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more uncomfortable than the walk: a cold wind, a heavy rain, a muddy path,—passengers jostling him, dogs barking at him, and posts coming every moment in his way, as if they stood there on purpose to teaze him. To not one of these plagues was Paul conscious: he saw nothing,—felt nothing,—heard nothing. His mind was full and busy; a smile was on his lips, and a thousand delightful thoughts possessed his heart.

He reached his mother's humble door,—knocked,—entered! At once, an universal hubbub arose: little Kitty was the first to discover him. "Brother Paul! Brother Paul!" and she was in his arms, and clinging to his neck, in an instant. Fanny, with a step scarcely less swift, sprang forward, and was encircled by one arm, which he had disengaged from Kitty. His mother put down her spec-

tacles: "My son Paul! And Clement! Ah! he is not with you!—What has happened to him?"—"Nothing, dearest mother—nothing!—He is well and happy, and sends you a thousand loves," said Paul, gently disengaging himself from his sisters, and embracing his mother.—"You are sure!—quite sure he is safe and well?"—"On my honour, mother!"—"God be thanked; then I am quite happy!" said the old lady, bursting into tears.

Who shall number the questions asked and answered,—the tender looks and kisses interchanged—the exclamations, wonderings, and bursts of thankings! "How well you look, my son!"—"And how fat and saucy!" said Fanny.—"And how Fanny is grown! I never thought she would have been so—pretty," said Paul archly, yet dropping his voice as he uttered the last word. His mother

thought "beautiful" would have suited her Fanny better; and even that would not have half done justice to her charms. "And am not I grown, brother?" said little Kitty, shoving herself between her brother's knees, and holding up her head—"Am I not very much grown and improved?"—"I do not know who is most charming, and most dear to me!" cried Paul, fondly kissing the rosy child, and placing her on his knee. "Do not plague him, Kitty, my dear!" said her mother.—"Oh, love never plagues any body," said Kitty, pressing herself closely to her brother.—"And I know who says, people can never have enough of love—Mr. Frank Pelham,"—observed the child, with a glance at her sister. Her mother frowned; and, sending Fanny out of the room, to hasten tea, took Miss Kitty to task. "I told you, Kitty, I would not allow you to name Frank

Pelham every moment in this way! But your brother's arms, I suppose, you think, will shelter you now, say what you will." Paul certainly folded the offender as if to shelter her from all harm; whilst he said: "And why, my dear mother, is Frank's name interdicted, when once it was so familiar? Has he displeased you?"—"Far from it, very far from it, Paul! His conduct is all I could wish it to be; but there is so little prospect of his ever being one of our family, that I think it right, for dear Fanny's sake, to wean ourselves from him."—"Does he never visit you?"—"Oftener than I could wish, Paul."—"And why may not some happy chance—"—"Do not talk nonsense, my son! We ought never to depend upon chance."—"True, mother. I ought to have said, why might not some fortunate exertion—" His mother interrupted him: "My dear Paul, we have already made every pos-

sible exertion, — I may say, every possible sacrifice: but the sum is so large—two hundred pounds!" — "Is that all that is required?" inquired Paul earnestly. — "All! And enough too, I think," replied his mother, half astonished at what she deemed his strange wilfulness. "Because I was thinking, my dear mother, that perhaps some farther funds might be needed." — "For Fanny's outfit; and their first establishment. Yes, a trifle would be wanted for these; but (lowering her voice,) I have provided for these matters." As Paul was about to speak, the old lady begged him to be silent, till he had heard all she had to say. "You know, Frank's uncle more than half promised to assist him. Well, for one whole year, he has gone on delaying and demurring, and keeping us in a state of painful suspense. Last week, the gentleman with whom Frank is to engage,

declared he would wait no longer; so, Frank's uncle was obliged to give an answer. It came this morning, saying he was sorry, very sorry, and concerned; but he could neither give nor lend a shilling." — "The wretched miser!" exclaimed Paul. "Yes, miser indeed! and he rolling in wealth! But, no matter; he can never enjoy one farthing of it, with so narrow a mind."—"Well," said Paul, "there is one comfort always for the poor, that what little they have, they spend, and thus enjoy." —"But, hush! Not another word: here comes Fanny;" and the old lady began to prepare her son's tea. Paul was longing to open his happy commission, but did not know how: he had nothing but winks and whispers from his mother; so he thought he would speak at her, as she would not let him speak to her. "Clement and I," said he, as if half-speaking to him-

self,—" we often amuse ourselves with building castles in the air; and fancying all manner of wonders. We are always for being very rich, and having plenty of money to spend and to give."—" I doubt not, you have money enough to give away, in your fancyings," said his mother, pouring out the milk.—" And then we always think what we would do, for our dear folks at home."—" I dare say—poor fellows! Giving pounds, where you have not pence," said the old lady, portioning out the sugar.—" And yesterday, we drew out a paper. I will shew it to you," said Paul, taking out his pocket-book.—" Not now, my dear boy, not now, filling up our table with your conjuring papers! Don't you see, how small the tray is! Bless the boy, how he is littering every place! Why, Paul, you are upsetting the tea cups!'
—" I beg your pardon, mother; I am very

sorry for the tea cups, but I just wanted to shew you this slip of paper."—" Hieroglyphics, I suppose,—I dare say it is all very clever, my dear, but I can neither see nor understand."—" Put on your spectacles then, dearest mother—pray do,—just to read this bit of paper," continued the pertinacious Paul. " Now, Paul, don't be so very disagreeable!—And you laughing at my telling you, that you are making yourself disagreeable! Why child! what is the matter with you?—I never saw you so before!"—" You never did, indeed, my dearest mother!" cried Paul; " for you never before saw me so perfectly, perfectly happy!" And his lip quivered, and his cheek flushed, and the tears stood in his eyes.

The old lady put down the tea-pot and gazed upon her son. Fanny snatched two papers from his hand, and read aloud their titles.

"A Bank of England note for one hundred pounds, and a promissory note for one hundred pounds!"—"How obtained?" said the anxious and conscientious mother. "Honestly,—every farthing honestly!" cried Paul. —"Dearest mother! Rely always on the integrity of your sons."—"And are these yours?" again asked the timid parent.—"No,—my own dear mother, they are yours!" exclaimed Paul, throwing himself into her arms.

THE END.

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